PAUL RAYMOND'S

CLUB INTE ONAL

UK VOLUME FOUR NUMBER TWELVE DECEMBER 1975 PRICE 50p
USA VOLUME FOUR NUMBER TWELVE MARCH 1976 PRICE $1.95 K49680
NOT FOR SALE TO PERSONS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE

CULT FIGURES OF OUR TIME

WHIPS, CANES, CHAINS
AND OTHER FUN OBJECTS

COME TO OUR ORGY

PLUS AN ASTONISHING NEW SERIES:
THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
OF BRITAIN'S LEADING
FEMALE PORNOGRAPHER

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The custom built camera snob set

We started off building a camera, we ended up with a status symbol.
It's the inevitable result of going all out to beat the competition.
Some of these features you'll never find on any other SLR camera.

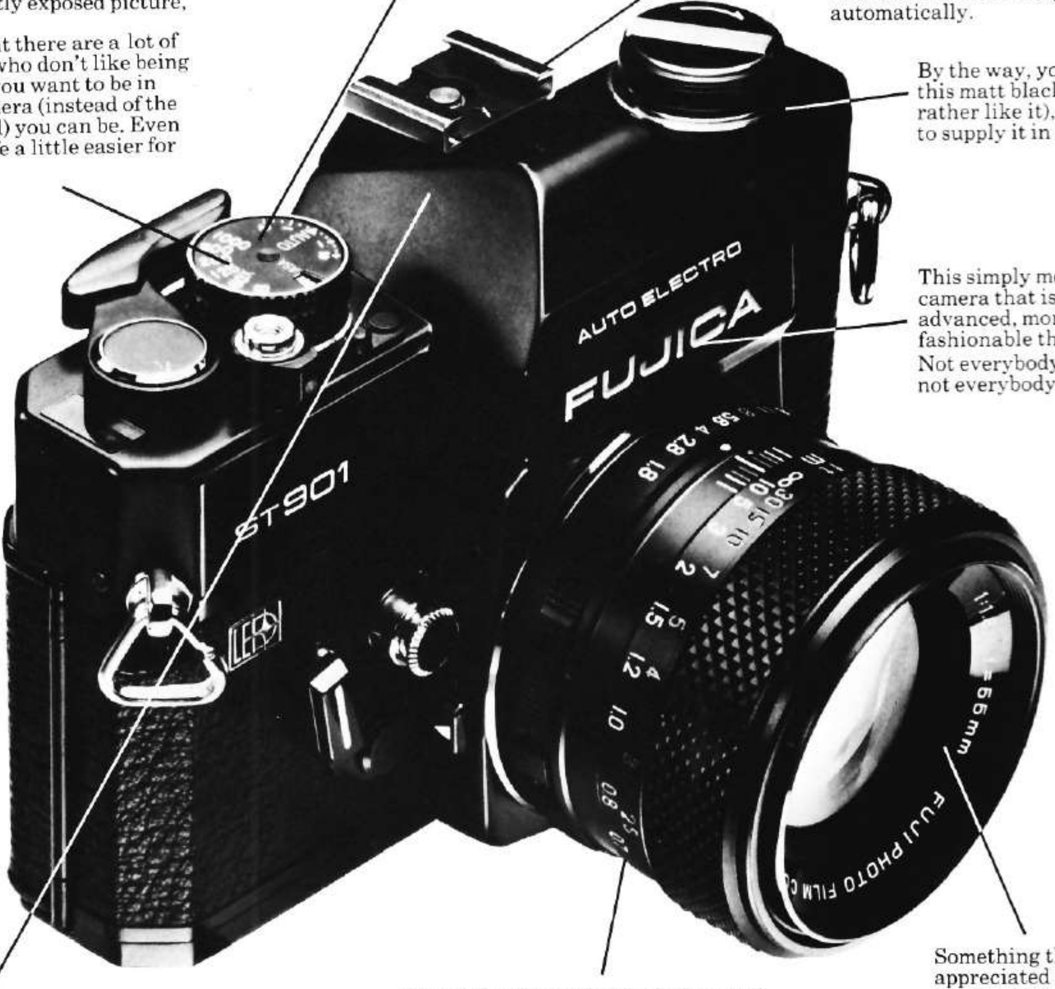
You'll probably say "There are a lot of automatic SLR cameras with electronic shutters around" and you would be right. But the big difference with this camera is its accuracy and its ability to adjust so quickly. This means you can swing round from bright sunlight to dark interiors and still take a perfectly exposed picture, immediately!
Now we know that there are a lot of people out there who don't like being dictated to, so if you want to be in charge of the camera (instead of the other way around) you can be. Even so, we've made life a little easier for you.

'Self-lubricating mechanism' is another Fujica feature and really very important. It means for instance that you can snap super sunny shots in the Seychelles, or wonderful wintery ones in Zermatt and be sure your camera is working perfectly and with absolute precision.

This is where we really start showing off. In here you'll see the end product of a 400 element mini computer that's built into the camera. This computer amplifies the light received by silicon photocells, (by the way, these cells react to changes of light ten times faster than any other camera), memorizes its value, cross correlates it with film speed and the selected aperture and relays all this information to the trigger release mechanism which it adjusts automatically.

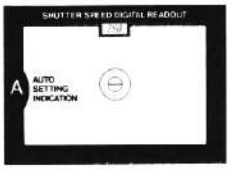
By the way, you don't have to have this matt black top (it's just that we rather like it), we'll be only too happy to supply it in chrome.

This simply means that you own a camera that is better built, more advanced, more accurate and more fashionable than anybody else's. Not everybody owns one. But then not everybody owns a 'Rolls'.



Something that's not generally appreciated is that a lens is only as good as its 'coatings'. The interchangeable lens supplied for the Fujinon boast up to eleven coatings on its key elements. That's pretty good, but what makes it unique is the 'Electron Beam Coating'. In this process we use a special electron beam gun to vaporize the hardest substances, many of which couldn't even be melted in the old process. These fine coatings are the guarantee of sharper, clearer, brighter pictures even in the most difficult back or side-lit situations.

The Fujica ST901 is priced at around £212.00. The matt black finish is a few pounds more.



In the viewfinder you won't find one of those needles that wobble around indecisively stabbing at some recommended exposure, but a series of light emitting diodes (sounds good, eh?).
In fact these diodes are as good as they sound. They're little digital figures exactly like the ones you'll find on pocket calculators, from an exposure of 1,000 of a second, right up to one of 20 seconds, they'll stand out clearly in the viewfinder to let you know just what's happening. What's more these figures glow brighter in dim light.
Back to the viewfinder... through our silvered penta-prism you'll see an image that is 50% brighter, and that's a heck of an improvement on other cameras. That, and a choice of three focusing systems makes getting the image sharp childs play, even in the poorest of lighting conditions.

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HANIMEX

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CLUB INTERNATIONAL

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Cult Figures of Our Time *Daniel Farson* .. Page 8
Kellie *Fred Enke* .. Page 13
Anatomy of an Orgy *Michael Walsh* .. Page 20
Frankie and Johnnie *Amnon Bar-Tur* .. Page 24
Private Mail *Tuppy Owens and Friends* .. Page 30
Putting Out for the Count *Count Zichy* .. Page 34
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The Stars Look Down *John Phillips* .. Page 48
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Toni *Fred Enke* .. Page 72

It's the Yuletide season and by the time you receive this magazine you should be well on the way to good spirits. To enhance such a mood we have filled our pages with more good things than any other similar magazine could possibly equal. We think you'll enjoy it.

Daniel Farson, leading television personality, writer and regular *Club International* contributor, leads the way with an intriguing analysis of the more renowned cult figures of our times, ranging freely from Mickey Mouse to Marilyn Monroe, from the Duke of Wellington to Kojak, and coming up with the convincing theory that our heroes are growing more perverse every year.

For those who, even at Christmas, are more interested in sex, this month sees the beginning of an astonishing new series – the collected correspondence of Miss Tuppy Owens and her widely scattered, sex-orientated friends. Miss Owens is Britain's most famous lady pornographer, and these letters prove that her private life is not the dullest in the land – and that fact is definitely more outrageous than fiction.

Also well worth a read is Michael Walsh's sardonic put-down, *Anatomy of an Orgy*, a piece of humorous erotica that is neatly challenged by Count Zichy's glimpse back on a wicked past in his article, *Putting Out For The Count*.

Finally, a very sexy short story, astrology for piss artists, a quiz, some fashion, *Hors d'Oeuvres* and lots of girls – none of whom are dressed in winter clothing. ☐

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you can't lick it!

There are some things in this life that just demand to be faced – there's no getting away from them. One of those facts is that people all over the world keep buying *Club International*, despite economic storm clouds on the horizon. And why do they keep buying our magazine? The answer's very simple. Because it's one of the good things around. And because there is a demand, there is a chance that one of these days you won't be able to get hold of your copy as easily as you might wish. So if you can't beat 'em – join 'em! Fill in the coupon, write out a cheque, and we guarantee that for the next twelve months some of the best writers, most talented illustrators, and, of course, most beautiful girls in the world will come tumbling regularly on to your doormat.

Please send me the next twelve monthly issues of *Club International*. I enclose cheque/postal order/cash for £9.00 (United Kingdom) or £12.00 (Overseas). All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., and all cash should be sent registered post. Cheques will be held pending clearance. Send this form to: The Subscription Manager, The National Magazine Co. Ltd., 22 Armoury Way, Wandsworth, London, SW18 1HA.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE CI

I am over eighteen years of age.

HORS D'OEUVRES

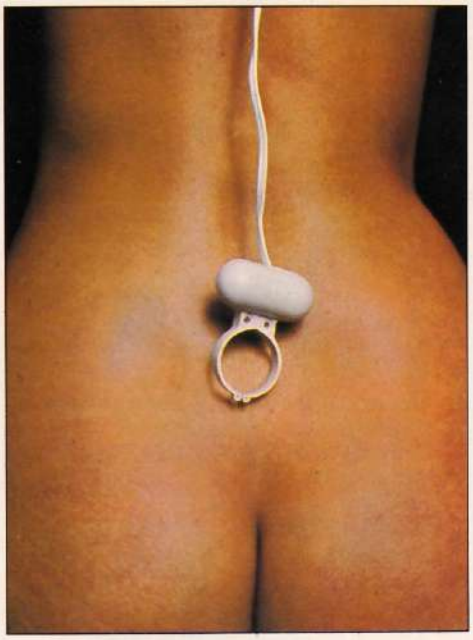
Loads of last minute gift suggestions, an interview with a leather man, a look at some original ceramics and a special free offer. Contributions from Jamie Mandelkau, Sheila Rock and Alan Radnor, who also compiled. Have a nice one!

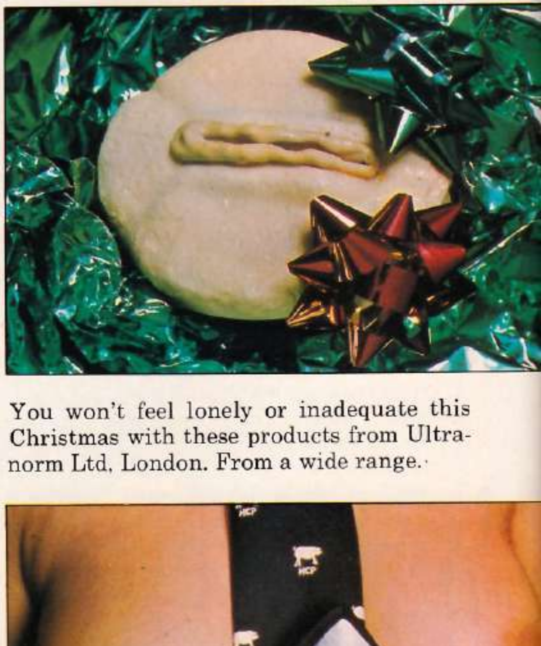
If you have a bent for smoking, this gift ensures you'll be remembered every time madam puts the tip between her lips, The silver box, designed by Tony Laws, costs a mere £2,000. From Lambert & Butler, London.

Destined to be a hit among Arabs, this game from Omnia Pastimes, *North Sea Oil*, is a game where you have to remember a hundred things at once but end up an oil tycoon. It costs £4.95 and is intended for adults and budding business moguls.

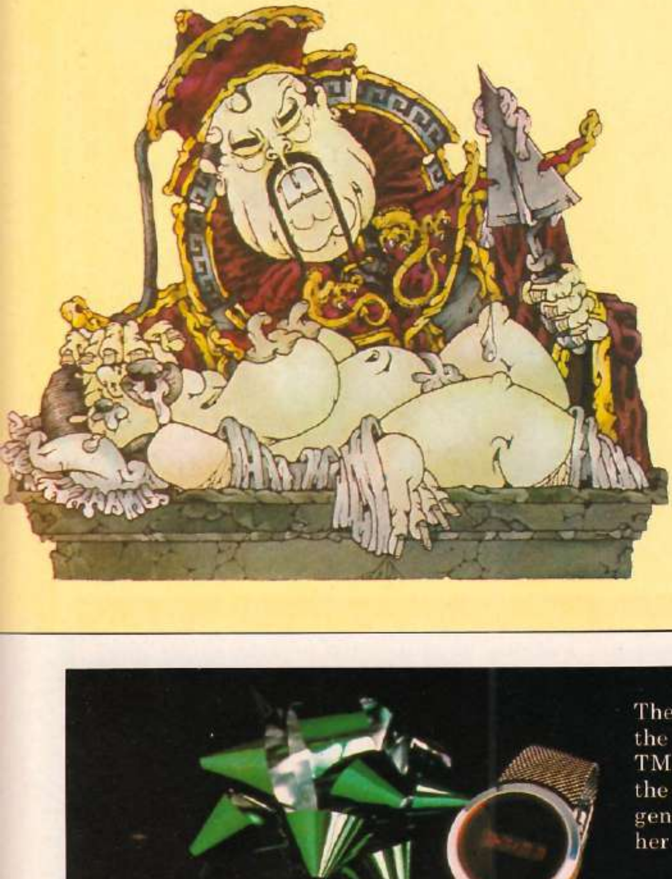
But thinking about it, the Arabs don't need a game – they've got the real stuff . . .

NORTH SEA OIL





You won't feel lonely or inadequate this Christmas with these products from Ultranorm Ltd, London. From a wide range.

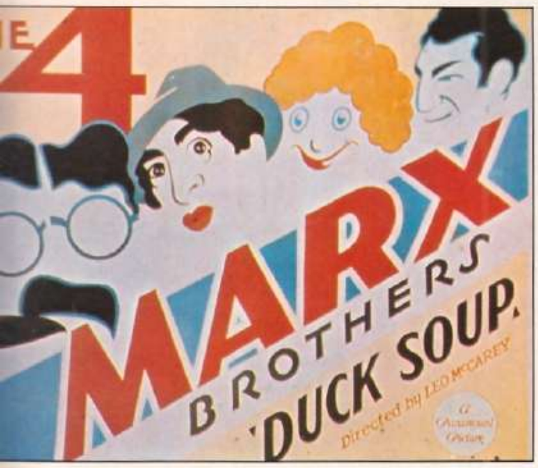


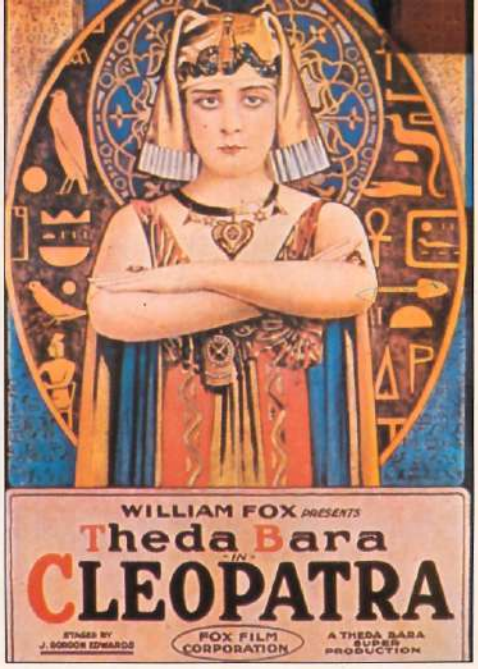
Feeling Jaded?
One of the most famous pornographic books of the last decade was The Nine Holes of Jade, *the title coming from the ancient Chinese custom of filling every body opening in a corpse before burial (work it out for yourself). This was to stop strange things happening to the dead person. But stranger things happened to the jade. It became chalky. Scientists now have found out why, disproving the theory that a jaded life followed by a jaded death is beneficial to the body. So now you know!*

The slimmest digital watches in the world – Pultron, from TMT, London. Costs £69.00 for the pendant to £99.00 for the gent's gold. Go on, now – give her a good time this Xmas!

For male chauvinist pigs who don't feel hypocritical about the fact – a tie which shows them up in their true colours. From Grenville of London at about £3.00.

A must for the old movie freak – a set of six historic cinema posters from Poster City, London. In a limited edition of four thousand per design, they feature stars of the twenties and thirties. Cost per print, 98p. Framed in polished aluminium, £7.50.





Fascinating Rhythm

Syntonic Research, Inc, USA, have come up with a new form of aphrodisiac to match this technological age we live in. They have recorded a heart-beat and repeated it on tape for twenty minutes. The idea is that you play it when you want to relax, and the researchers have found that the 'thump-thump' is ideal as an aid to lovemaking.

They don't say whether the heart-beat becomes faster as the love-play progresses, but then by that time, few people would be listening to their hi-fi . . .

Honey, anybody?

"I say, this is damned far out, this place!" So states a rotter of the first order. With the pound continuing its impression of the Titanic, stepping out for an evening meal involves a battle plan to get value for money. Where to go? Top of our list is *Pooh Corner*, 246 Battersea Park Road – on the *other* side of the Thames. The candle lit interior with Pooh Bear and company watching over the fold provides a fun setting for a crazy night's revelry. You can watch pin-striped Hoorahs standing on the tables trying to fly, or white-gowned tipsy women falling into their neighbour's meal, or a party of Aussies and Kiwis drinking and singing, being 'down-under' loud, chundering-in-their-bricks. Added jolliness and eccentricity are provided by one white male Caucasian owner, Gus 'Bear'. On a good night, you can watch him in his rubber gloves throwing a duck at irate customers. The menu features such delights as: Tart With a Heart, Devils on Carthorses, Fish With A Fag, Coq in a Frock, Lady C-, Piglet Pancho Villa and a 'Fowl' title that's been awarded to such bandits as Generalissimo Franco, Richard Nixon, Idi Amin and Xaviera Hollander. Dinner for two, including VAT and wine, is about £7.00. Clothes are optional and if Gus greets you at the door with: "Get out of my restaurant!" don't panic. Across the road there's *Harvey's* and down the road there's the *555* and *Jack's Place*. In the opposite direction you'll find Greek food at *Jason's*.

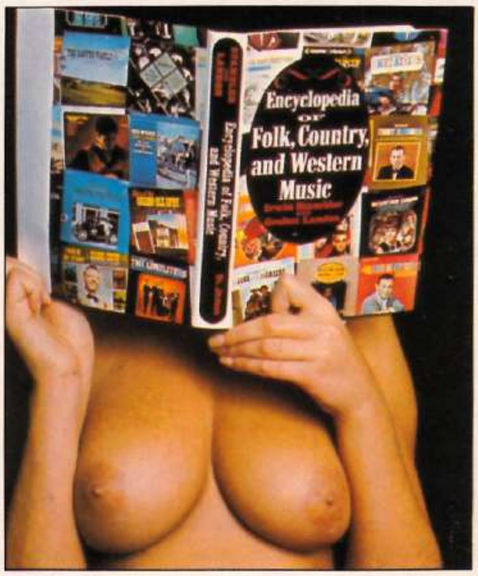
A secret from Thailand – a nickel bronze alloy that never loses its sharpness. A twelve placing canteen costs £150.00, from Omal Group, London or good stores.

TANBARK
A GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE

Special Offer!

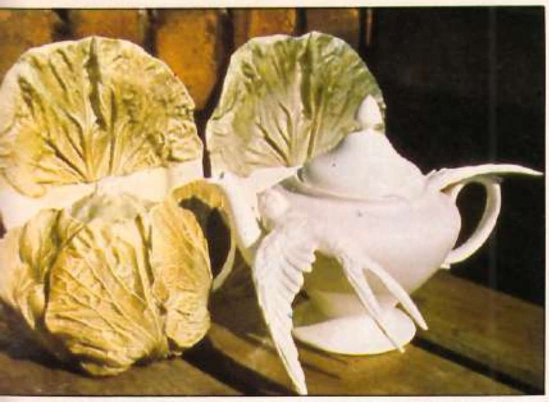
Created for the man of distinction – so goes the blurb for Tanbark, the latest men's range from Studio Cosmetics. If you would like to sample this woman attractor, you can have a *free* sample by writing to Studio Cosmetics, Lincoln, England, mentioning this magazine.

Only the best for the best!



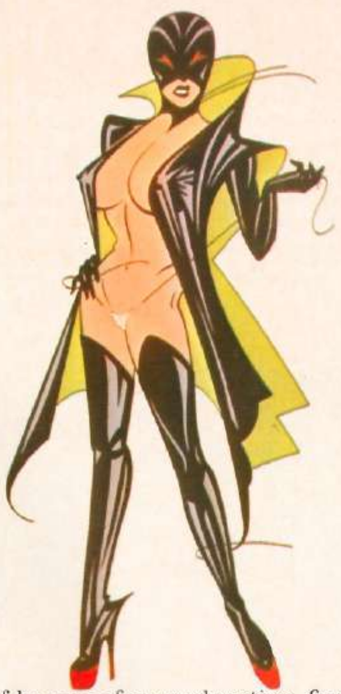
Words on Music

Two unusual gift books for specifically interested friends (if not for yourself) are the *Encyclopedia of Folk, Country and Western Music* (St James Press, £5.00), by Irwin Stambler and Grelun Landon, and the *Encyclopedia of Pop, Rock and Soul* (St James Press, £7.00) by Irwin Stambler. Each book is exactly what it says it is; and both are accurate, comprehensive and invaluable. Hefty prices, perhaps, but fans of the music should not be without either, and I can think of no comparable books on these subjects. One can only hope that some enterprising paperback publisher will put the volumes out in cheaper format; until then, they're a luxury. Still, with Christmas on the way, you can always drop some unsubtle hints in hopefully receptive ears!



Mad Hatter's Tea Party

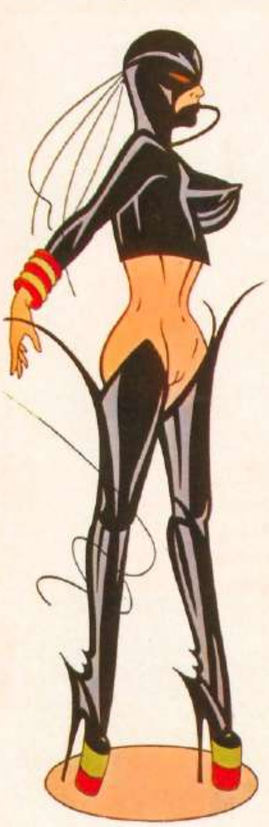
Teapots with a personality of their own, clocks wrapped in a handkerchief of porcelain, yellow daffodils which form the shade of a lamp of green leaves; Carol McNicoll, craftswoman extraordinaire, creates wonderful ceramic pieces in which everyday, commonplace objects are transformed into visual treats. A degree in Fine Arts, and costume designing for Birmingham Theatre companies and rock bands such as Roxy Music brought her to the Royal College of Art for a three year course in ceramics. Now a resident of 401½ Workshop, a community of craftsmen based in Wandsworth, she designs and produces pottery full-time. Humour forms an important element of her work: "I like to make things that are humorous. I like ceramics because I like things that are small, and basically ordinary – things you don't have to pay any attention to, that you can just have around and if you discover it, you discover it, as opposed to making a painting which demands your attention in a very special way." Owners of her unique pieces include such diversified celebrities as Bryan Ferry, Peter Blake, Zandra Rhodes, Emmanuelle Khan, and Eno.



Under the Second Skin

"What is a fetish?" John Sutcliffe asks, and then as if by way of an explanation, firmly states, "leather is not a fetish. The human race has been wearing skins for thousands of years. We have a throwback affinity, back to the caveman days. I can prove that point one of the population has a subconscious attraction for leather. In white nations around the world we have the same ratio of customers to population."

Readers, do y'all like leather? Or is it your opinion that anyone dressed in an 'excess' of vinyl or leather must be queer, kinky, operate a torture chamber? Do you link leather with bondage, discipline, sado-masochism? Men, do you worry about the health of the little woman when crazy ol' mom Nature erupts in rain, sleet, snow and thunderstorm? Wouldn't you like to give her a second skin to protect her from the fury of the elements?



Continuing with this tale of leather. It involves more facts from mild-mannered, middle-aged, English 'leather couture' John Sutcliffe, proprietor and publisher of *AtomAge* magazine and workshop. "Seventy per cent of our business is from male customers. Eighty per cent of the orders are for female attire. About seventy-five per cent of them request the colour black, with red a strong second. It's also worth noting that we have never had a negro customer. The most popular item in our catalogue, one that's a big hit from Alaska to Saudi Arabia, is the helmet designed to cover and enclose the whole of the head."

From the age of four, Sutcliffe has seen it as his destiny to dress the women of the world in leather. He tells us, "I used to swing on the neighbour's gate. He was a bearded old gent. Filthy rich. The world was at war and his chauffeuse was dressed in military style uniform and lace-up boots. From then I've wanted to make protective clothing for the female."

He's been doing just that for the past twelve years. People with initiative seek the quality product from his workshop, in London's Covent Garden. Customers range from the Royal Opera Company, the Avengers TV serial, painter Allen Jones to individuals in twenty-two nations around the world like the seventy-year-old transvestite who flew in from Kenya to see his fantasy dreamware come to life.

"We try to produce exactly what the customer wants, though some of the more bizarre ideas never see the light of day. For instance, I was recently asked to make restrictive devices and high-heeled shoes for a dog. I refused. I won't make anything unpleasant that causes suffering and pain to man or beast."

Photographic evidence of the AtomAge product introduces the viewer to a selection of trim one-piece catsuits held together with restraining buckles, straps, studs, chains and thongs; stilleto-heeled shoes; corsets; dresses, capes, suits and more.

A complete catsuit to cocoon the loved one takes two weeks to complete and can cost upwards of £450.00. There's no shortage of takers, as witness recently the Finnish gentleman who surprised his wife with a white catsuit, neck to toe, with boots included. When she hesitated to wear the creation he promptly bought her a white Jaguar to match the gear.

As work output increased, so too did inquiries from the world beyond. This induced Sutcliffe to start his periodical, *AtomAge*. He's never advertised and the mag attracts eyeballs in twenty-eight countries. It contains features on new designs in leather, rubber and vinyl and is padded out with reader's letters and leather facts, historical and modern. The letters are full of testimonial utterances heralding the wearer's delights: 'I like to fill the waders with water and then walk, feeling the water squelching round my feet and legs'.

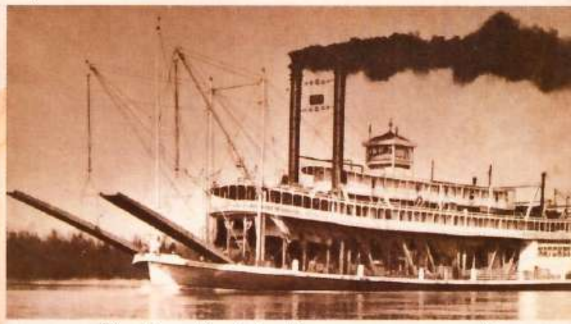
Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather . . . what the hell is a fetish anyway? ☐

When the 'Delta Queen' touched leven knots at full steam, a man needed something to steady his nerves.

SOUTHERN COMFORT
The Grand Old Drink of the South

In 1870, two Mississippi riverboats took part in a race from New Orleans to St. Louis.

The victorious sternwheeler completed the 1,200 miles in the record breaking time of three days, eighteen hours and thirty minutes—an average speed of just over 11 knots.



During the trip the passengers (to take their minds off such reckless speeds) amused themselves in various ways.

They gambled in the great gilt and plush casinos: a man could board the boat a millionaire in New Orleans and be thrown off penniless four days later in St. Louis.

And they refreshed themselves from time to time with the odd glass of Southern Comfort, with ice and soda.

In fact, it was for such sophisticated occasions that Southern Comfort had been invented.

A New Orleans man was responsible: shortly after the South had lost the Civil War, he devised a drink so original that the recipe ran to more than 100 pages.

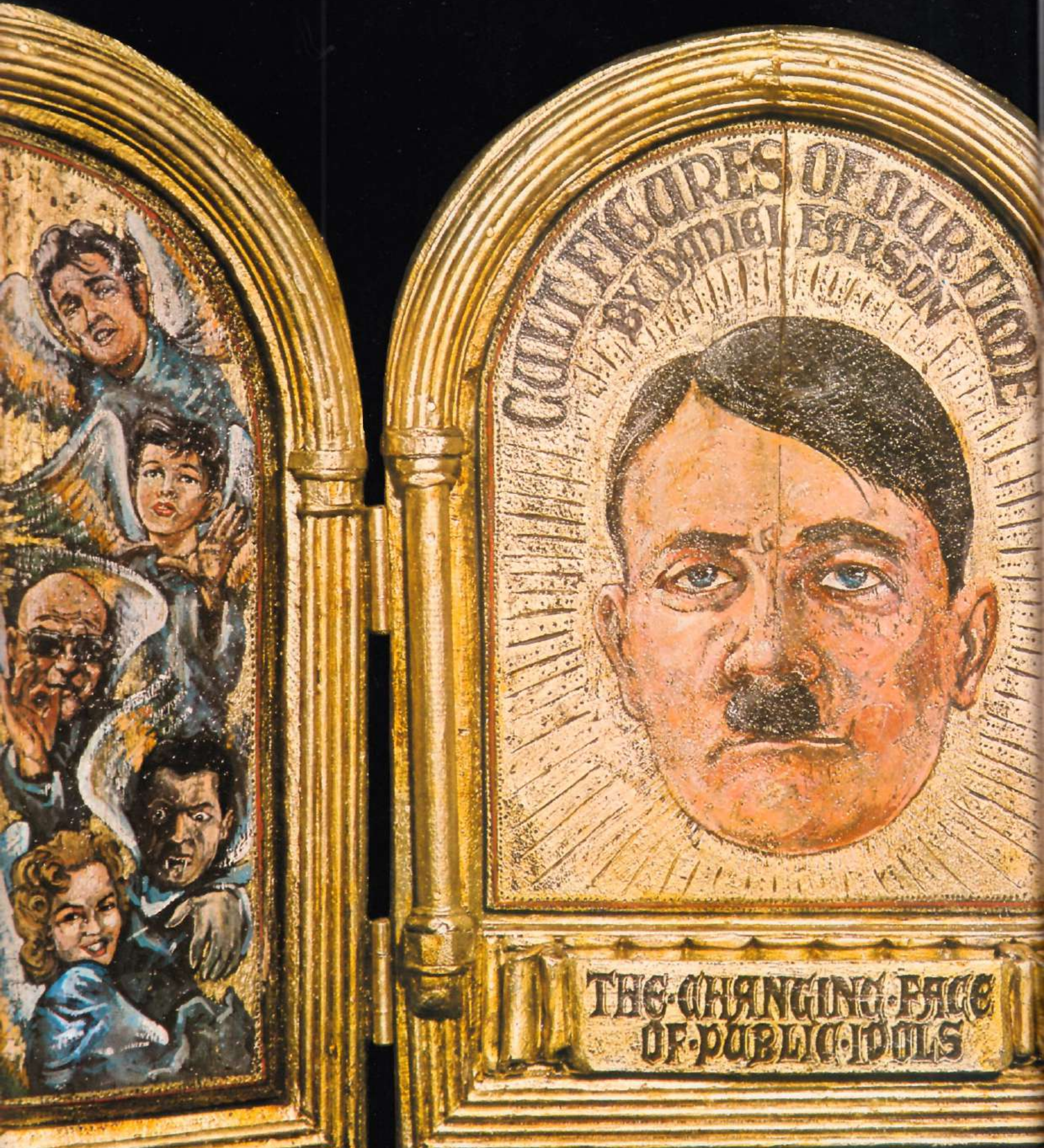
It was the essence of smoothness.

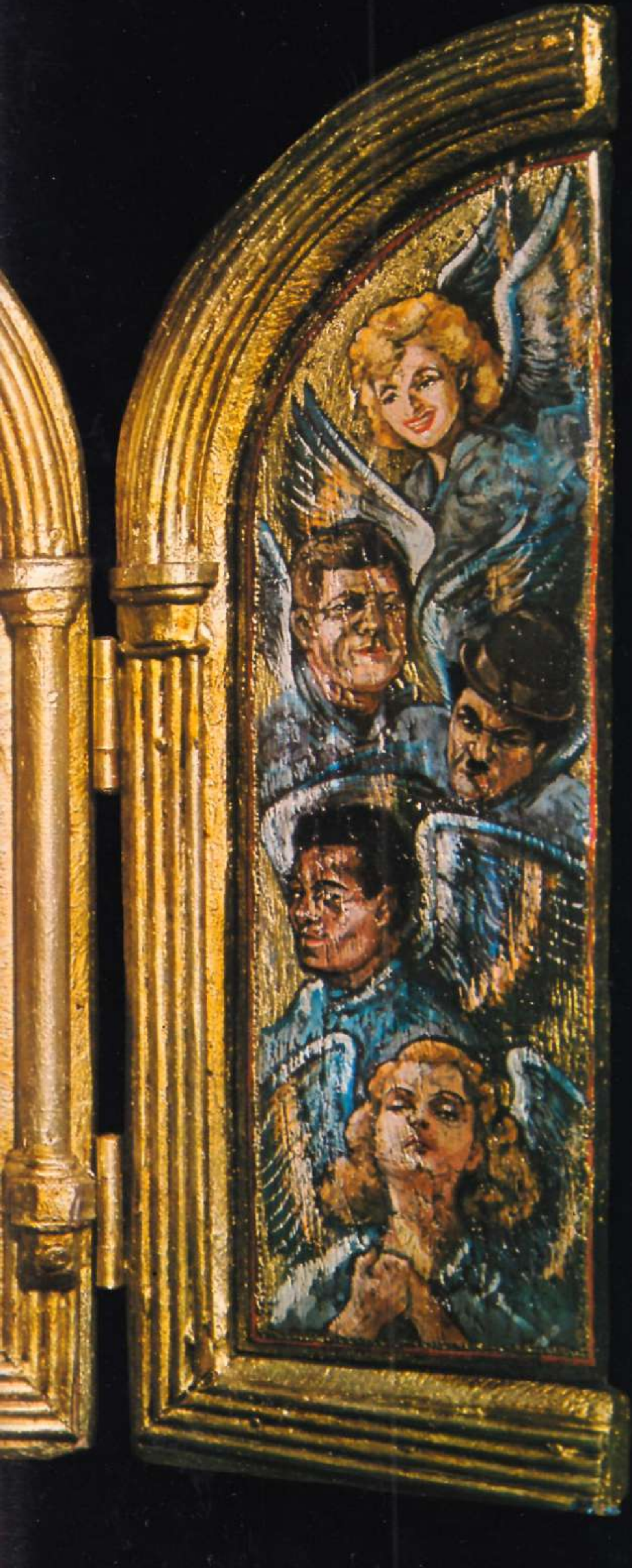
It had a rich amber glow, and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Yet it had a strength and a warmth to it that could calm even the faintest heart as the Mississippi landscape rushed past at that breakneck 11 knots.

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORPORATION

1220 North Price Road, St. Louis, Missouri


CULT FIGURES OF OUR TIME
BY DANIEL FARSON
THE·CHANGING·FACE
OF·PUBLIC·IDOLS



CULT FIGURES OF OUR TIME

THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLIC IDOLS

By Daniel Farson with an illustration by ***Shirtsleeve Studio***

. . . from the Duke of Wellington to Marilyn Monroe, ***Mickey*** *Mouse to Kojak – and who comes next?*

Many of us have the need to identify with a public figure or folk hero. By worshipping them, we hope that our own lives might become less routine and that some of their glamour will rub off on us. It is a vain hope, a love affair by proxy. The fan seldom meets his idol and the pin-up does not step down from the wall, and might be a disappointment if she did – but it is their very distance that makes them so desirable. They are the Darlings of the Gods and we bask, down below, in their reflected glory.

There is the speciality idol: Muhammed Ali for the boxing enthusiast; Nureyev for the balletomane; the memory of the Marquis de Sade for the sadist, and for the masochist for that matter. There is the hero of the hour, like Charles Lindbergh or Sir Francis Chichester, who captures the imagination with his exploits. Symbols, like the Queen. Leaders of religious cults, as diverse as Billy Graham and the Maharishi. There are passing fancies, like the Bay City Rollers, though the rare pop star sometimes lingers: Elvis Presley and, of course, the Beatles.

Paradoxically, the more imperfect the idol the stronger the appeal: vulnerability is essential. In France there was Edith Piaf, the sparrow-like singer whose personal life was shot through with tragedy, murder and death. At the end her waif-like appearance was so heart-breaking that audiences would rise from their seats, not to ask for encores but imploring her to 'stop' in order to spare herself. Paris was grief-stricken when she died.

The English equivalent is not, by any stretch of the imagination, Dorothy Squires, however hard she tries to be vulnerable and succeeds – but our very own Marie Lloyd, known simply as 'Our Marie'. She was loathed by the establishment because of her dirty songs, beloved by a vast public. In 1912 she was barred from the first Royal Command Performance because she was considered too risqué to appear before the King and Queen. In 1913 when she landed in New York, she was arrested for 'moral turpitude' as it was then so unsweetly called, because she was passing herself off as the wife of a jockey who was half her age. To make it worse, her real husband, Alec Hurley, was dying back home in Hampstead.

But Marie remained an idol in spite of, and perhaps because of, the scandal in her life. When her jockey won the Derby and she leant over the rails to kiss him, the crowds cheered: 'The King of the Turf, the Queen of the Halls' – and what did it matter if they were living in sin. Women felt no envy towards her, probably because of her vulnerability. Factory girls would wait to wave to her as she passed by, and once a box of chocolates was flung into her open carriage cutting her smartly on the lip.

When she died, her funeral was one of the last spontaneous outbursts of public grief in this country. Even the intellectuals adored her: T S Eliot was moved to record, 'Although I have always admired the genius of Marie Lloyd I do not think that I have always appreciated its uniqueness; I certainly did not realise that her death would strike me as the important event it was. Marie Lloyd was the greatest Music Hall artist of her time in England: she was also the most popular'.

It was reported that a hundred thousand people held up the funeral procession, and the pubs in London were draped with purple ribbons and black crepe.

My only first hand experience of someone with such 'charisma', to use that awful but inevitable word, was with Judy Garland. She had all the vulnerability towards the end, the tension of will she/won't she be fit to appear? She was so emaciated when I met her that one longed to protect her. After going to one of her shows, I held a party especially for her in the upstairs rooms of the pub I used to run on the Isle of Dogs in the East End of London.

Frankly, and rather foolishly, I had no concept of her appeal. Her arrival was supposed to be a secret, but news leaked out somehow and I was appalled when I arrived in advance to find I had to fight my way through the crowds. Quickly I had to organise bodyguards to protect her, not from any ill manners but the crush which threatened to injure her bird-like, skeletal frame. The crowd behaved impeccably, as they waited, until she arrived an hour late – which was early for her – and parted as best they could to let her go through. She smiled gaily during those few seconds and everyone seemed to be happy: they had *seen* her for themselves, and not on any distant screen, and that, apparently, was enough.

It is revealing that television does not create such idols, but diminishes by over familiarity. Danny La Rue has destroyed a possible legend by appearing too often. Cinema is different, if only because of the physical effort of going out and looking up. The nostalgic label 'Star of the Silver Screen' fitted Garland perfectly. From the moment she sang the wistful *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*, audiences all over the world fell in love with her. When the rainbow faded, as rainbows do, her appeal became all the more poignant. She is missed, more and more, for apart from vulnerability, Piaf, Marie and Garland shared another quality in common: a blazing talent. And, to a certain extent, they sacrificed their lives to their art. This is part of the bond with the idol – that their sacrifice is for *us*.

Moral scandal, drink, even drugs are tolerated – any major foible apart from murder. Even then, the feet of clay are not always *seen* to crumble. Jean Harlow, another much-loved star of the silver screen, the 'blonde bombshell' of the thirties, was helped out by a reputation which was already daring while the 'pure little girl' image of Mabel Normand never recovered when she was involved in the unsavoury and unsolved murder of the film director William Desmond Taylor. Jean Harlow's second husband, a balding producer called Paul Bern who was twenty-one years older, 'committed suicide' less than three months after their marriage. A note was found beside him referring to his sexual impotence which had driven him, in humiliation, to forfeit his own life. Rumours ran rife and it was only the desperate scheming of Louis B Mayer which saved her from a murder rap.

Ironically, the studios were far more disturbed by the implication that their sex symbol wasn't so hot in bed after all. This uneasy doubt struck again when she married her third husband, another elderly father figure, and divorced him a year later charging that he read in bed. So much for their sex goddess; the three hundred Platinum Blonde Clubs began to wonder. Either way, her brief, brilliant career burnt her out and she died at the age of twenty-six from a mysterious complaint possibly linked with her excessive use of the platinum hair dye, which had boosted the sales of peroxide by thirty-five per cent.

Harlow's early death makes her philosophy in *Hell's Angels*, her first starring part, seem all the more poignant: 'I want to be free, be gay, have fun. Life's short, but I want to live when I'm alive!'

As the critic Alexander Walker comments in his excellent *The Celluloid Sacrifice*: 'On none is the grandeur and servitude of stardom visited more brutally than on the sex symbols'.

The public taste in idols has deteriorated over the years. A century ago, the requisites were rare beauty – Lillie Langtry – or real achievement. Now we see the over-night, ephemeral 'star' on television, instant fame, but in those days faces were equally recognisable through portraits, statues, and the song sheet covers that decorated every piano in the parlour.

The Duke of Wellington was celebrated in song as the most famous man of his time, with *Wellington for Ever*, *The Hero of a Hundred Fights*; and simply as *The Hero of the Age*.

There were dozens of such tributes and his face, with its great nose, became so familiar throughout the land that when a woman stopped him: "Excuse me, aren't you Mr Smith?" he replied famously: "Madam. If you believe *that*, you believe anything!"

His funeral in 1852 was the most tremendous of the age. The carriage, which now lies in St Paul's, was made from melted cannons captured at Waterloo, weighing eighteen tons with twelve horses needed to pull it – and even then they stuck in the mud at Whitehall.

Standards were so different a hundred years ago that it was even possible to honour a man who wrote books. Charles Dickens was so revered that when he walked across the streets of London, talking to himself as he planned his next novel, men would raise their hats to him from respect as he passed. When he started his Public Readings, his fame became overwhelming: 'You never saw such a scene', he wrote in 1858. 'All the way from the hotel I had to fight against the stream of people who were turned away'. Women struggled to catch the petals that fell from his red geranium. A public banquet was held in his honour before he sailed for America, with a tribute from Lord Lytton: 'Happy is the man who makes clear his title deeds to the royalty of genius while he yet lives to enjoy the gratitude and reverence of those he has subjected to his sway . . . Seldom has that kind of royalty been quietly conceded to any man of genius until his tomb becomes his throne and yet there is not one of us now present who thinks it strange that it is granted without a murmur to the guest whom we receive tonight'.

At the end of the century, adulation shifted towards the stage. In particular, Sir Henry Irving's popularity is inconceivable today. Laurence Olivier is the first actor/peer, just as Irving was the first knight – but Olivier's appearance would hardly turn a head if he walked down Piccadilly with a parrot on his shoulder. Yet Irving had such strength of personality, such extraordinary magic on stage – strong men fainted when he read *The Dream of Eugene Aram* – that he was idolised even when he was a young man, on the threshold of his great career. This was achieved with no appearance on television, nor any advance phalanx of public relations men, but through word of mouth combined with the actuality of seeing him perform in front of their eyes. Think of this scene, in 1876, when he played Hamlet before a special University Night in Dublin:

'. . . When the actor came forward the whole house rose simultaneously to its feet, and there was a shout that made the walls ring again. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer upon cheer swelled louder and louder as the player stood proudly before his audience, with a light upon his face such as never shone from the floats . . . It was, indeed, a tribute of which any human being might be proud'.

Outside the stage door, a thousand students waited and when Irving emerged two hundred of them harnessed themselves to his carriage, and drew it along Grafton Street to the Shelbourne Hotel 'through a solid moving mass and wild uproar'.

Apart from the coldly manufactured hysteria of teenage girls for a pop star, who would receive such a tribute of respect today? No statesman I can think of, though Heath came startlingly close to it when he spoke for the referendum at the Oxford Union. But the one quality that Heath has never possessed in the smallest degree is charisma; the last politician to have this was President Kennedy.

The only comparison that springs to mind is the emotional ovation that greeted Chaplin when he appeared at the Hollywood Oscars ceremony, but this came at the apex of his career when he was an old man. Elvis Presley would be greeted by hysteria if he came to England, but never that deeply felt admiration. Possibly the Beatles might if they reunited.

The female equivalents to Irving were Marie Lloyd and Vesta Tilley, 'the London Idol' of Music Hall; and Sarah Bernhardt, 'the divine Sarah', of the legitimate stage. She, too, had her carriage pulled through the street by students. Her stage presence was so compelling that she was able to captivate British Music Hall audiences at the Coliseum in the First World War, even though she was a one-legged woman of seventy impersonating a young soldier, and spoke in French! It says a lot for her personality and their stamina. A true 'star', she refused to follow an animal act, sending a cable 'Not after the monkeys', but she agreed to appear at a record salary of £1,000 a week with an eighty-foot red Turkey carpet from her dressing room to the stage.

Born in 1844, Bernhardt even appeared in silent films: these were now the rage and created a new type of idol, flickering on to screens in the Mid West of America and soon throughout the world to the largest audience in history until the advent of television. Radio has produced no idols with the possible exception of Tommy Handley and Dick Barton.

Hollywood transformed Theodosia Goodman into Theda Bara, anagram of Arab Death, and cast her as the 'vamp'. She was one of the first 'sex symbols'.

Clara Bow, the '*It* Girl' was given that name after Elinor Glyn's magic ingredient which she expounded in an early short entitled: 'What is *It*?' in 1928. Apparently *It* was 'a strange magnetism which attracts both sexes'. Madame Glyn was the arbiter of sex, although she was approaching seventy, and it was she who announced that Clara Bow was the *It* Girl supreme. Clara Bow behaved as a good star should, with seven chows dyed red to match her hair and a rumoured love affair with Gary Cooper – no father figures for her. When she sued her secretary, with the delightfully twentyish name of Daisy de Voe, for embezzling fifteen thousand

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IN THE FLESH, IT'S EVEN SEXIER.

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CULT FIGURES OF OUR TIME
THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLIC IDOLS

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dollars, Daisy retaliated with the revelation that the money had been spent on procuring drugs, drink and gigolos.

"We had individuality," said Clara Bow later. "We did as we pleased. We stayed up late . . . Today, stars are sensible and end up with better health. But *we* had more fun."

Alexander Walker makes the point that she carefully chose rôles within the understanding and the pay packet of the average American girl: manicurist, lingerie salesgirl. Then her films plucked her from this mundane environment and flung her into a whirl of high society and wild parties: 'Millions of girls copied her and Clara's rôles made identification easy and attractive'.

At one point she received twenty thousand fan letters a week.

Clara Bow was the *It* girl of the twenties; Harlow the blonde bombshell of the thirties. They were legends. Briefer sex symbols were Rita Hayworth; and Jane Russell, with her *Outlaw* bra as well as her publicity manufactured by Howard Hughes. She was adopted as a pin-up long before she was seen on the screen. But she was no legend – neither were Lana Turner, Veronica Lake, or Betty Grable, Hedy Lamarr came closer, simply because she had emerged, nymph-like, from a lake: the first nude sequence in cinema.

Two other names have to be mentioned: Mae West and Garbo. But the first made a delightful caricature of sex, sending it up as much as the drag artists who impersonate her; and Garbo was a cool Goddess. Mae never captivated a female public while Garbo's armour plated disdain made men feel uneasy.

The last sex symbol on celluloid had all the vital vulnerability, even a mysterious and sudden death: Marilyn Monroe. She was a sex symbol partly because she posed in the nude for the famous calendar, but she was far more than that: a girl whose lack of sophistication could break the heart. Of the image, she said she could never quite understand it: 'But if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for'. Clara Bow put it more truthfully: 'Being a sex symbol is a heavy load to carry, especially when one is very tired, hurt and bewildered'. Alexander Walker confirms: 'Sex symbols are forced to become sexual fetishes for the millions'.

The camera was in love with her, too. Her looks grew more ethereal, in a way more unreal. Everyone longed to protect her and each man thought he was the one to do it. There has been no true sex symbol on the screen since – and can there ever be, with our current cynicism, with such vulnerability?

Of the male stars, many received idolatry, like Harlow's partner 'King' Gable; and Humphrey Bogart, after his death. But one was the cult figure personified: Valentino.

Rodolpho Alfonzo Rafaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla had been knocking around Hollywood for four years when a woman casting director had the inspiration to star him in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in 1921, an anti-war film intended to win back audiences sick of patriotism and trenches. Instead of the familiar Latin cad, Valentino was portrayed as the experienced lover – *and* he danced the tango. A faulty eyelid added a sensual touch and Elinor Glyn taught him to kiss the girl on the open palm rather than the back of the hand: the rest, as they say, is history. Millions of women fell into his screen embrace. In *The Sheikh* they were carried off in his arms on a white Arab stallion to a tent in the desert and a fate they could imagine for themselves. 'Shriek for the Sheikh will see you, too' promised the slogan. The whole effect is ludicrously exaggerated now but he was the height of masculinity to audiences then – though he sounds rather passive at home with his wife accusing him of too much domesticity. Of his acting, his producer Adolph Zukor said that this 'was largely confined to protruding his large, almost occult, eyes until the vast areas of white were visible, drawing back the lips of his wide, sensuous mouth to bare his gleaming teeth and flaring his nostrils'.

When Valentino demanded more money in 1923 and walked out of Paramount, studios tried desperately to find a Latin Lover substitute, such as Ramon Navarro, but Valentino was incomparable. Fortunately the legend died just in time, in 1926, for 'sound' would have killed his sense of mystery and made him seem like any 'wop' ice cream salesman. He could not have survived that. Marilyn had humour: when asked if she had anything on when she posed for the calendar, she replied, 'Oh yes, the radio'. But Valentino's reputation could not have survived a single laugh. As it was, his funeral brought a hundred thousand women on to the streets of New York. They charged the chapel for a last glimpse of his body and, it was said, several committed suicide. Pola Negri, stricken with grief but with all her publicity juices working, arrived at the coffin with a wreath of four thousand blood red roses, her own named picked out in the middle in white blossoms. Twenty-five years later, *Life* described him as 'the symbol of everything wild . . . and illicit in nature'. There are Valentino fan clubs even now.

Theatrically, the equivalent of the movie star was the matinée idol or, to use the marvellous French phrase, *monstre sacré* – the sacred monster. Their feminine following was smaller but no less fanatical. Sir Gerald du Maurier was one of the first and his daughter, Daphne, in *The Rise and Fall of the Matinée Idol* recalls her first realisation that he was different. They entered a restaurant and she noticed a woman nudge her companion and point to her father: 'She sounded excited and there was a gleam in her eye. The escort turned and stared, and a knowing look came into his eyes, too . . . Waiters suddenly approached, bowing, pulling back chairs from our table. Heads turned . . . From then on I knew that strangers, people we should never know, never speak to, were in some curious way gratified when he passed by'. She was seven years old.

The day of the matinée idol is over. The upright chin of Clive Brook, the too good looks of Tyrone Power, have been replaced by a new type of anti-star: Donald Sutherland, Lee Marvin, Jack Nicholson. This is part of the changing pattern in twentieth century idols.

This change is disturbing. To begin with, people worshipped innocence: Mickey Mouse was the embodiment of simple joy. Disney's biographer, Robert Field, claims: 'There has never been a better ambassador of goodwill among nations than Mickey Mouse'. I would go further and say that Mickey Mouse was even more valuable to the image of America than that of honest Abe Lincoln. He typified good humour throughout the world.

People imply that Mickey was the computer result of a large organisation, but he was essentially the child of Walt Disney who was born in 1901 of working class parents and is described by Field as 'a conspicuously average American. His outstanding characteristic as a boy must have been his normality. If ever it can be said of an individual that he was a product of his age and environment, it can be said of Walt Disney'. After initial struggles, during which another cartoon character was pirated, Disney created Mickey and cashed in on the invention of sound, after Jolson sang in the *Jazz Singer*. On 19th September 1928, Mickey spoke in *Steamboat Willie* and was an instant success: 'There is no corner of the earth into which he has not penetrated, there is no type of man from crowned head to primitive savage, that has not been won over'. There was no instant financial success: distributors were reluctant to pay big money for a short lasting all of seven minutes in a three-hour programme. Disney persevered, with the administrative advice of his brother, because he knew exactly what he wanted. Later, with his longer epics like *Snow White* and *Fantasia* he made his fortunes, but it was with Mickey Mouse that he conceived one of the greatest cult figures in history – with Pluto and Donald Duck.

Robert Fields writes, rather portentously: 'With probably the most garrulous incoherence of all time, Donald Duck has forced himself upon the world's attention. We have been obliged to overlook his precocity and to accept him as one of us because we recognise, particularly in his moments of despair, a gentle heroism that we would wish to emulate'.

'All men want to be better than they are': debatable now but it was true then. Tarzan was the other twentieth century figure that embodied basic virtues. Edgar Rice Burroughs founded an industry when he wrote *Tarzan*, though he never set foot in Africa himself. The original novel in 1912 was followed by the first Tarzan film in 1918 and by the comic strips in 1929. Again, the appeal was one of identification – the lure of getting away from it all, back to the simple life. Tarzan became a symbol of "the noble savage" '. Tarzan provided escape from the sheer dullness of most people's lives, and promised active adventure. A Walter Mitty fantasy. Russ Manning, the last and the best of the Tarzan strip illustrators, elaborated on this theme: 'The Tarzan of the original novels, and now in the comic strip, is truly the Lord of his jungle, as we all dream of being;

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Kellie

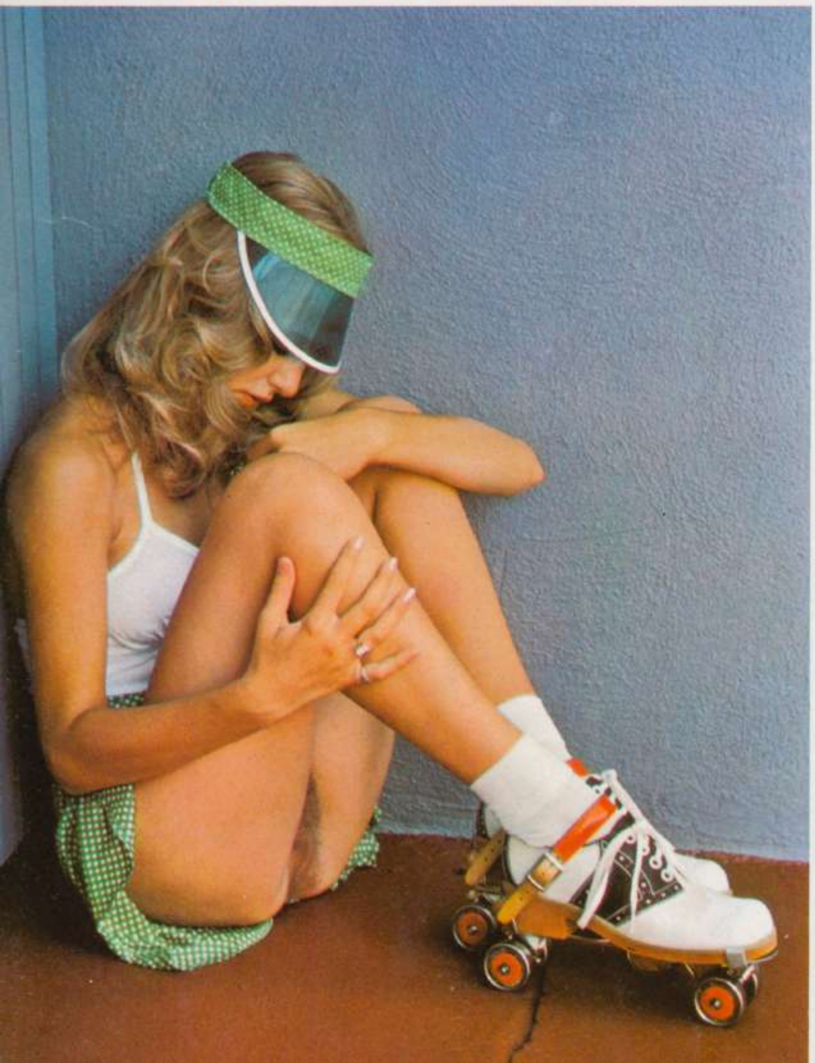
Photographed by Fred Enke

Stunning blonde Kellie – who hails originally from the windy city of Chicago – has a number of consuming interests, apart from the obvious. This delightful nearly-twenty-three-year-old has the kind of vivacity and gift for self-expression that makes it easy for outsiders to become enthusiastic about her pet preoccupations. And even with a hobby as way-out as hers, we found ourselves becoming quite carried away.

"I came over to England to study drama at a very well-known school. That was about two years ago, and I'm completely in love with London and don't ever want to leave it again. Which could be a bit difficult. You see, I'm in my finals year now, and we do plays and shows at college that agents and managers come to see so they can decide whether you're fit to be employed or not. But I'm in a bit of a dilemma. You see, while I've been at college, all the voice teachers have been doing their level best to give me a standard English accent – in order to make me more versatile. It's a very good idea really – you're so hampered by an identifiable regional characteristic. So, I spend two years eradicating my accent – and then they cast me in Guys and Dolls*! Well, it kind of makes you wonder, doesn't it? And, of course, as soon as all those prospective employers out in the audience realise I'm a Yank, they're only going to think of me for those kinds of parts. And if that's the case, then I'd get a lot more work back in the States! I could spit. Still, at least I get to dance – but not on roller skates."*

Roller skates? Kellie shrugged off her faint look of disappointment and started to explain.

"Yeah, roller skates. Back home I saw this amazing Gene Kelly movie where he does a dance on roller skates – and I thought it was so terrific that I went out and bought some next day and started to practice. I've been dancing since I was a kid anyway, so I reckoned the extra discipline wouldn't come too hard. I skate all over now – in college, down the street, at home. They've got used to it at college, but I still get some strange looks when I take myself out of a Sunday morning. I can't think why . . ." □



CULT FIGURES OF OUR TIME

THE CHANGING FACE OF PUBLIC IDOLS

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committed in the purest, most instinctual way possible to the protection of his territory, his "nest" and his family. Deep within him lurks the savage beast that is also in all of us; the raging, tearing, fury-blind creature that smashes at adversity, when all other methods fail. He is an outdoor man living in the ultimate get-away-to world we yearn for in our concrete canyons . . . Tarzan is a folk hero, perhaps the first folk hero accepted the world over; a simple, universal idea expressed in a human form that everyone can understand and identify with . . . the man we'd rather be'.

Mickey and Tarzan are two immortals. There is also a more formidable type of folk hero who varies in style but is always that of an exceptional man, whose bravery does not flinch from violence. Again a projection of our timid selves. The classic example is Robin Hood, with the spice of being on both sides of the law – robbing the rich to pay the poor though ultimately on the side of the angels. This is the appeal also of two twentieth century Robins: Batman and Superman.

Sherlock Holmes is a more unexpected cult figure, but his attraction increases with books and films and plays; there is even a Sherlock Holmes pub off Charing Cross, and a very good one, too. Yet he is an unlikely hero at first sight – so dessicated and more in love with his violin and Watson than with any woman. Curiously, sexual ambivalence is a constant characteristic of the idol. This is part of Marlene Dietrich's appeal, and there are moments when Harlow and Mae West resemble female impersonators, while their muscle-man ideal is straight out of a homosexual magazine. Raffles, the gentleman burglar, was also effete rather than robust and critics today are all too quick in querying his relationship with 'his friend' Bunny, who in one escapade dresses up as a woman.

American private eyes, like Chandler's Marlowe, are made of sterner stuff, but it was an Englishman who created the most popular crime fighter since Sherlock Holmes; Ian Fleming with James Bond. Here was a secret agent who *had* the girls, and the girls were voluptuous with names like Pussy Galore and Kissy Suzuki. It is pointless to pretend that Fleming inherited the talent of Conan Doyle, and his Bond books grew steadily sillier after the initial success of *Casino Royale*, but he dealt in the details that manufacture a cult: Holmes had his needle and his violin, Bond liked his martini shaken not stirred. And then the films consolidated and perpetuated the myth. Holmes was portrayed superbly by Basil Rathbone and Sean Connery became the definitive Bond. In fact, Lord Lucan, who tested for the part, would have been closer to Fleming's original, for Bond was an upper class tough, and snob, rather like Fleming himself. David Niven, Raffles, also springs to mind and then vanishes because he does not have that vital threat of violence. And violence is part of the changing pattern.

Bond has been toppled by Kojak, one of the few folk heroes to be spawned by television. He has been described to me as a 'pure barbarian, even to the point of not being able to speak English'. Certainly he is more guilty than his criminals of murdering the language, and guiltier still of thrusting phrases into current use like 'No way, pussycat'. Kojak reflects the coarsening of the cult hero: instead of a violin or dry martini, Kojak has his lollipop. If it wasn't for Telly Savalas, Kojak would be nothing more than a slob, but Savalas has seized his part as that of a lifetime and given him a churlish grace: 'Stavros! Crocker! we've got a dead one . . .' Even his publicity material admits that he 'is perhaps the most unlikely sex symbol ever, a bald-headed, fifty-three-year-old with a face that surely only a casting agent could love. Yet there's no mistake about it, he has the kind of physical presence that women find devastating. Everywhere he goes he sparks an instant riot as girls fight to touch the man whose portrayal of lollipop sucking detective, Kojak has turned him into one of Hollywood's hottest properties'.

Again there is the identification with the man who shoulders his way in where we would fear to tread. But there is human sympathy, too, towards Kojak: one suspects that he returns at night to a lonely apartment.

I predict that cult heroes will become nastier. George Orwell referred to the worship of power 'and successful cruelty. It is important to notice that the cult of power tends to be mixed up with a love of cruelty and wickedness *for their own sakes.* A tyrant is all the more admired if he happens to be a bloodstained crook . . .'

Significantly, the interest in Jack the Ripper accumulates. Recently, Richard Lane in *The Observer*, asked 'Why, eighty-seven years after the event, is this unknown madman who cut up five East End prostitutes becoming a national hero? What is the social significance of the Ripper industry?' He admits that he hasn't 'a clue', and I, too, as one of the writers on the Ripper (*Jack the Ripper*, Michael Joseph) am amazed to receive several letters a week, from Australia and America as well as this country, three years after the publication of my book.

Perhaps the clue lies in Orwell's phrase: *successful cruelty.*

So – who's next? It is hard to predict, for contemporary idols have become more complicated in their appeal. Once it was so simple. I remember Brian Epstein telling me with genuine surprise of an early reception accorded the Beatles: 'There's been nothing like it since Gracie Fields'. This, to him, was the height of fame. Then the Beatles went on to become the most beloved pop group of all with a mass, international following that was ageless and classless. They seemed to play for the pure pleasure of it, and shared their ecstasy with us. They had a vulnerability, too, as we know now, with Epstein's suicide and their own break up, and few lyrics are more poignant than those of *Eleanor Rigby.* Pop groups since have never captured such rapture. Mick Jagger still struts the stage but his appeal is limited to a coterie by comparison, and there is no vulnerability. Transvestitism has blurred the edges and nothing is so clear-cut in the pop world any more, apart from the toothsome Osmonds.

When masculinity is in question, there is a tendency to downgrade femininity. Admittedly the idealised Hollywood heroine was a stereotype, and Molly Haskell writes indelicately that 'a woman's intelligence was like a man's penis: something to be kept out of sight'. But in her book, *From Reverence to Rape*, whose title is self explanatory, and which really *does* give the woman's point of view for once, she lambasts the current, ambivalent image as something far worse: 'From a woman's point of view, the ten years from 1963 to 1973 have been the most disheartening in screen history . . . The ideal woman of the sixties and seventies was not a woman at all, but a girl, an ingenue, a mail order cover girl . . .'

It is true that woman, as the romantic figure on a pedestal, has disappeared from the screen: gone are the light, good-humoured days of Carole Lombard, the cool linen look of Grace Kelly and the freckled high-spirits of Doris Day. The relationship between the sexes has gone sour. Women have been relegated to second place; replaced by the buddy-buddy comradeship of such films as *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*; raped in *A Clockwork Orange*; caricatured in *Baby Jane*; transformed into homosexual fantasies in the Tennessee Williams' films; or at best reduced to sex *objects* in the *Bond* films. According to Molly Haskell, 'the camp and homosexual sensibilities merged to create the silicone seductresses of pulp films like Raquel Welch (the female Burt Reynolds) . . .' Scurrilous stuff, but Women's Lib does have a point here. Certainly there has been no feminine idol since Monroe and the most notorious pin-up has been Burt Reynolds in the *Cosmopolitan* centre spread.

A certain hardness has set in, and this will be reflected in the new idols. Molly Haskell refers to the 'cult of violence' and 'the sudden public obsession with books and films about the Mafia and the Nazis, both celebrating male power and male authority figures at their most violent and sexist, suggest(ing) a backlash in which middle class men, fearful of their eroding masculinity, take refuge in the supermale fantasies of Goebbels and Don Corleone'.

I shall make a shrewd guess that Hitler will be the next cult figure to seize the imagination. In a way it is inevitable. By damning him in the past as a carpet chewing moron, the tide must reverse and show the more intriguing characteristics that enabled him to come close to conquering the world. Göering predicted that in fifty years' time there would be statues to him all over Germany, small statues perhaps in people's homes, but memorials nevertheless. We have twenty years to go and signs are beginning to show. So far, Hitler has been portrayed as an imbecilic monster: the next stage will be to show him as a brilliant one.

In 1815 Napoleon was hated. Only fifteen years later he had become an idol, with the world wide cult of the *légende napoléonienne.*

I am not for a moment suggesting that this *should* happen with Hitler; I am saying that it *will.* And who, you might ask, can follow Hitler? Jesus Christ? ☐

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SILK CUT KING SIZE FILTER
Silk Cut King Size. The mild cigarette.

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Anatomy of an Orgy

Feature by Michael Walsh with illustration by Arthur Robbins

This weekend, in many a suburban lounge, parties will be going on. In some of those suburban lounges, something like this could well develop . . .

People meandering, mixing, mute. Cautious glances through forests of olive sticks. A polite smile, a casual nod, a back quickly turned to avoid involvement. There are two seven-inch elliptical speakers in the corners of the room. Ferguson that could be mistaken for Akai if you didn't look too closely. Someone has draped a silver-lamé threaded shawl over one of them and to the sensitive ear, the *Moody Blues* trill 'Nights Of White Satin' from under the rubber plant.

On the table there are plastic skewers bearing hunks of cheese and pineapple, stakes bearing chipolata sausages, straight from the refrigerated Handi-Pak. There are wine glasses, the best that Heron stamps can buy, filled with Korean Virginian cigarettes. Each cigarette is in a differently coloured rice paper. Insignia of determined sobriety, they are ignored by the meandering mute as they guzzle alcoholic beverages from the wrong shape of glass and furtively glance around them.

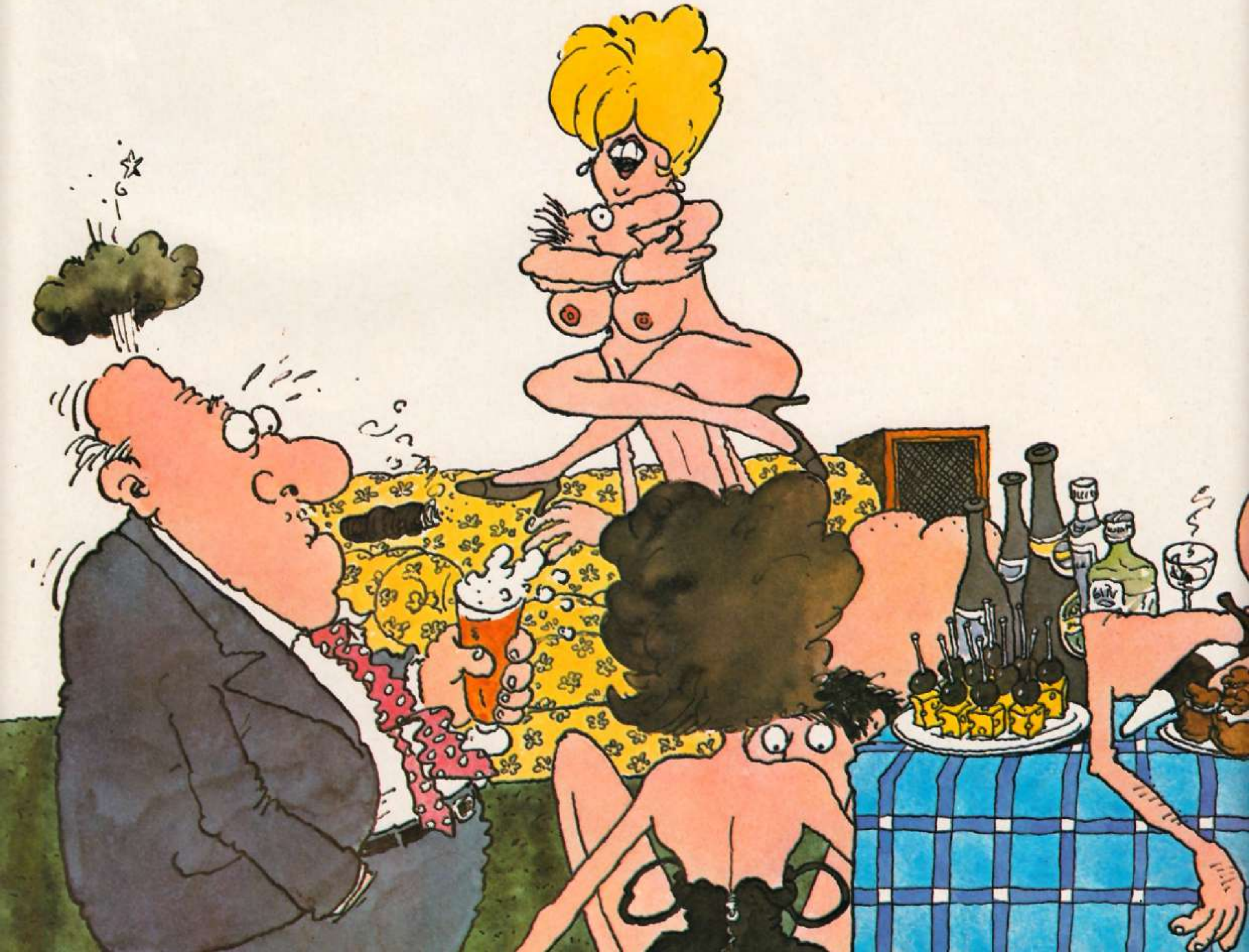
Carole's dress is ritually little and black. It fits tightly around her buttocks which are pushed upwards and outwards by her six inch platform shoes. Her back is naked almost to the waist, the upper swellings of her breasts displayed above the lowish scooped neckline. For the party Carole has worn her special black brassière; the saucy one on which her breasts are laid out for inspection like two sacks of prime wheat on a stillage. The shoulder straps are discreetly pinned out of sight under her dress and the back straps, cunningly designed to circumnavigate her bare back, cross over at her midriff and hook together behind her back. Aerodynamic sex appeal.

Were it not for a feeling that her little black dress is just that little bit too little, Carole would have felt incredibly attractive and pleased with herself. But the hemline is a good four inches clear of her knees and Carole has a vague suspicion that her minidress hasn't been out of fashion long enough to be daringly vogueish. Even if she was wearing stockings underneath it.

Michael and Margaret are talking to the Bennetts. Rather, the Bennetts are talking at Michael and Margaret. Bennett has the ear of Michael's boss and the young couple simulate attentiveness. In reality, both are becoming glassy-eyed with boredom.

"Big merger supposed to be coming off soon . . . bid is rumoured to be worth half a million . . . offering 36½ pence each for the ordinaries . . . market standing at 265 and rising . . . don't fancy the board will find it easy to reach unanimity . . . I was talking to Ted – that's Sir Edward don't you know – over golf last week . . . twenty-three over par, wasn't at all happy about it I can tell you! . . . no quality in British stuff these days . . . blah, blah, blah . . ."

Michael is on the verge of falling asleep listening to the old man's ravings. He feels he has to do something to keep himself awake. Margaret, Michael's wife, has a most beautiful bottom. Michael decides to fondle it to give himself an interest in life. He cups his hand to the curve at the hip, lets his arms drop, digs his fingers gently deeper into the soft flesh. He trails a thumb along the crease, parting the gently hanging buttocks with successively deeper caresses. Subconsciously, Margaret articulates her spine to assist, thrills to the eighth-of-an-inch strokes Michael makes



with the pad of his finger. Then she realises that people might be watching and firmly takes his hand away.

Veronica too feels less than completely dressed. Like Carole, she too is having second thoughts about her mini-skirt, suspecting that as fashion goes, it was still *passé* rather than trendy. Too late for such thoughts now. Veronica had arrived home late from work, put on her mini-skirt straight from the cleaning bag and had fled to the Harrisons' party. But the polymers of the miniskirt and Crockatt's perchlorethylene had been incompatible and so the mini-skirt had shrunk to micro – and beyond to the ridiculous.

Veronica saw herself as two long bronze legs, two layers of flounced nylon, the hem of her shrunken mini; a pelmet barely covering her crotch. Looking around for reaction she sees Claus staring at her, gasps, drops her cigarette. Claus gloats as the carpet begins to smoulder and people start sniffing the air, analysing the smell. Pink in the face, Veronica bends over to pick up the smouldering stub, treating Bennett to the back view. Bennett has been telling Michael about the recklessness of Grimes, the company chauffeur. He says he has passed a memo for the next board meeting to be read after the . . . knickers.

Alice and Barbara hate each other's guts. However they both arrived at the party unescorted and pretend to be friends until an unescorted male of their liking arrives. Alice looks away and Barbara studies her with one nostril aflare. The entering male that Alice had turned to inspect is known to be happily married. She turns her face back to Barbara who is, by then, staring at Veronica and wondering how the bitch has had the effrontery to turn up for the occasion almost showing her knickers. And while she wonders, Barbara is herself scrutinised by a sneering Alice.

Michael removes his arm from Margaret's waist – his wrist is getting cramped. His grateful spouse at once elects to visit the lavatory and leaves Michael alone at the mercy of old man Bennett's verbal ravages. By now, Michael badly wants to urinate, too.

In his mind there is a picture of Niagara Falls – Michael alters his stance. Victoria Falls – he jams his thighs together in such a way as to squeeze his penis. Knees together, he edges a first tentative pace towards the door. As the lounge exit moves a delicious foot nearer Michael's mind floods with subliminal imagery. The opening of the Kariba Dam, small boys laughing as they burst party balloons. Mrs Harrison turns the kitchen tap full on and Michael hears. He smiles at Bennett, gritting his teeth, fails to control himself, flees the room. By the time Michael reaches the bathroom door, Bennett has turned his attention to a somewhat bewildered Veronica.

Carole stands in the bedroom/cloakroom looking critically at her face in the mirror. She sees that while her neck and breast are putty-coloured off-white, her face is almost orange due to heavy-handedness with face powder. Slyly she clicks open the bedroom door, casts anxious glances along the landing – no-one coming. She hurtles back into the bedroom and quickly strips out of her little black dress and cunningly designed brassière. Next she throws back the counterpane on the Harrisons' double bed – cotton sheets, goody! Carole manages to tear a square out of the corner of the sheet. She then returns to the mirror and uses the rag to remove the excess gunge from her face and transfer it to her upper trunk.

Then out comes her make-up kit again – pancake is carefully worked into the old acne craters, eye shadow slightly intensified, a drop of eye dew directly into each cornea, a carefully controlled dusting with powder to kill any glossy effects. Carole appraises herself in the mirror, decides that she looks divine, replaces her brassière and dress, inspects her full-length image in the wardrobe mirror.

Too much bosom, far too much. A few paces take her over to the bed where Carole rips off a candlewick rose which she pins between her cleavage with a small brooch

pillaged from Mrs Harrison's jewel box. Pleased with her new appearance, Carole then leaves the bedroom and heads for the loo at the end of the passage. She almost collides with Margaret who is leaving as Carole arrives. Just as she smirks an embarrassed greeting at Margaret she catches sight of Michael thundering along the corridor. But she manages to insinuate a shoulder before he can snatch the handle from her. She casts Michael a sadistic leer of pity before locking the door against him.

Downstairs, someone has moved the heavy-duty silver Lurex threaded dress shawl off the Ferguson speaker. It now performs in high fidelity two track stereophonic sound and the party is beginning to liven up a little. The poster coloured Korean Virginian have all been smoked and the guests are offering each other the latest trendy 49p-a-packet jobs. All the married men say they've given it up with an air of regret but their salivating mouths give then away as the aromatic aroma of choice burning herbs drifts past their noses. Eyes are beginning to brighten, the laughter is less guarded in response to witticisms becoming increasingly coarse.

Upstairs on the landing, Michael seizes his piss-proud prick and squeezes to keep the urine back. He succeeds but he still thinks he hears Carole chuckle inside the WC as she drops her pants (gaiety lurex trimmed black nylon with cotton gusset bikini briefs, 60p from *Frocks and Things*) and sits on the loo. Carole finds that she only wants a wee-wee but remembering the agonised expression of the young man on the landing she lights a cigarette to spin it out a bit. Then she flushes the make-up stained rag away, adjusts her clothing and leaves. The toilet has blocked up and overflowed on the rag and Carole tells Michael to get it fixed before using the cubicle as she leaves.

Bennett's wife snuggles her back into the folds of the curtains and allows Claus to unzip her dress, k-k-k-k-r-r-r-r-z-z-z-z-i-pppppppp! His hand enters the parted folds of cloth and lingers stroking the soft flesh at her waist before the fingers dive to wriggle into her panties. Mrs Bennett smiles at Claus and remarks on how nice it's looking in Victoria Park now that the weather is brightening. Claus cups her bare left buttock on to the palm of his hand and says that he had noticed that it was getting warm, too.

Old Mr Davenport had to be invited along seeing that he lived on the other side of the semi and would have had to put up with the noise anyway. Mr Davenport had been the mess ram when his unit were in Burma but his sexual powers are no longer what they used to be. Particularly since Mrs Davenport had decided that all that messing about was disgusting at their time of life. But at the Harrisons' party the old memories of what used to be came flooding back and it became clear to old Mr Davenport that if his potency had waned over the years, his imagination hadn't. Veronica, he decided, would be his. And since it was the only feasible alternative, he decided to try the 'fatherly' approach.

Alice and Barbara have found each other to be not such bad company after all. In fact the more they drank, the more it seemed that they had in common. Both were office secretaries, both had been to Majorca for their holidays the previous year, both were lapsed Catholics, both were twenty-two and both were pissed. In the absence of any worthwhile men, each has draped an arm about the other's shoulders whilst the Chateau Johannesburg reminds them of day-to-day absurdities with which to entertain themselves.

Then in walk Peter and David. They too are very much alike. Tall, well-built, shortish brown hair, about twenty-five years old. Both wear trousers which are skin tight to mid-thigh before flaring to a sensibly modish twenty-inch turnup. Alice and Barbara recognise their prey. They disengage their arms, pull down their skirts, smoothe the creases out of their dress bodices, pat their hair do's into place, sit up straight, put their knees primly together, and assume blank expressions. Peter and David look at each other and nod imperceptibly.

Re-enter Carole, a little surprised that the atmosphere has brightened so considerably in her absence. Mr Davenport sees her and suddenly forgets his determination to become a father figure to Veronica. For Carole's back is bare almost to the waist, her breasts bulge and wobble promisingly on either side of the rose in her cleavage and from where he sits, old Mr Davenport could swear he saw an erotic flash of bare white thigh above her stocking tops. What to do, what to do . . . at his time of life Mr Davenport is easy to get confused. He has already produced three embryo erections and lost them. If he is to avoid being the big let-down of the party, old Mr Davenport realises that timing is critical. On the assumption that he likes Carole best, old Mr Davenport elects to try Veronica first.

Mr Bennett glares at his wife who smiles sweetly back as Claus pushes her coiled-up panties another inch down her thighs under the cover of the loosely hanging lounge curtains. Mrs Bennett is forty years old, looks more like thirty and as Claus caresses and tickles over her bare bottom she feels twenty again. Little wonder she smiles so sweetly at her husband. The question is where does one go from here? Claus answers the question as he parts his partner's buttocks by driving a finger mercilessly into the crease.

Peter and David stand before Alice and Barbara respectively, change places, then lower themselves on to the settee so as to drive the girls apart. They are both very confident young men and they know a half-cut clamouring lay when they see one. Within thirty seconds the youths have effected introductions all round, begun a conversation and bisected it so that each man has the undivided attention of one girl. Then David begins to undo the buttons up the front of Alice's dress. At first she crossly resists and David seems to lose interest in her. Then they both observe that Peter's hand is very firmly planted on Barbara's knee. The next button David undoes stays undone.

Alan Harrison enters the lounge with a replenishment tray of drinks. There are two bottles of plonk for the ladies, a few ready-pulled pints of beer for the men and a fresh bottle each of Scotch and vodka for the hard drinkers. Alan is told in enthusiastic terms what a splendid fellow he is, what excellent parties he flings, how does he manage to get such a great atmosphere, keep the grog coming old lad, you're doing fine. He tells Myrtle Harrison who decides to try her guests on the mushroom vol-au-vents and fondant cakes she'd been saving for the 'right moment'. After five minutes stood in the party lounge passing round with her groaning tray, not one guest was tempted. Myrtle enters the kitchen, puts down the tray and bursts into tears. Alan puts an arm round his wife's sobbing shoulders to comfort her.

Mr Davenport is surprised and amazed by the progress he has made with Carole. He wasn't to know that his shock of iron grey hair, the pleasant, oatmeal drum of his knowledgeable voice and the wholesome honesty in his experienced and much-travelled face were combining to have an unusual effect on his prey. But he thought he recognised the signs of incipient sexual arousal on her face and elected to push his luck. He was telling her about the time his regiment sent him on a reconnaissance to the small village of Chuttalore in a party of six. He conjured up the desert wastes, the smell of incense and spices, the dark-eyed beauty of Besarid women – Carole was transported.

John Davenport placed a hand on her bare shoulder as he spoke, a technique he had often used with success on bored mem'sahibs in years gone by. He caressed the smooth skin, gently working an arm round to the nape of her neck. Before Carole realised it, he was drawing a thumb nail up and down her spine and the tingle was ending right between her legs. From that moment on, Carole was lost.

Peter made a joke, a silly little joke, and Barbara responded hysterically. Her skirts were now right up her legs and folded in a coil with her underskirt outermost, the blue gingham panties displayed to the party room. Barbara wished she'd worn some looser underclothes, correctly sensing that the beetling lips of her pussy were carefully outlined in the tightly fitting fabric. She resented Peter's mastery, his knowledge that she was too far gone with Chateau Johannesburg to resist. Peter placed a hand on her thigh, eased it another three inches away from its fellow, stroked the crease in her panties with his thumb. Barbara obediently held her thighs open, quivering with excitement, wondering if Alice would dare as much. But Alice had already dared more, enough to make Bennett lose the gist of his 'conversation' with Veronica twice.

Alice was also wondering if perhaps she ought not to have dressed a little less accessibly. The loose-fitting dress which buttoned down the front had the advantages of demure prettiness and adaptability as well as hiding her tummy. So Alice had desisted with some vigour when David had started to undo her buttons. She let him get as far as the third one which showed her slip top lace, protested verbally when David exposed the bow at her cleavage by undoing the fourth and began fastening herself when

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V.S.O.P
LIQUEUR COGNAC
COURVOISIER
"The Brandy of Napoleon"
LIQUEUR COGNAC

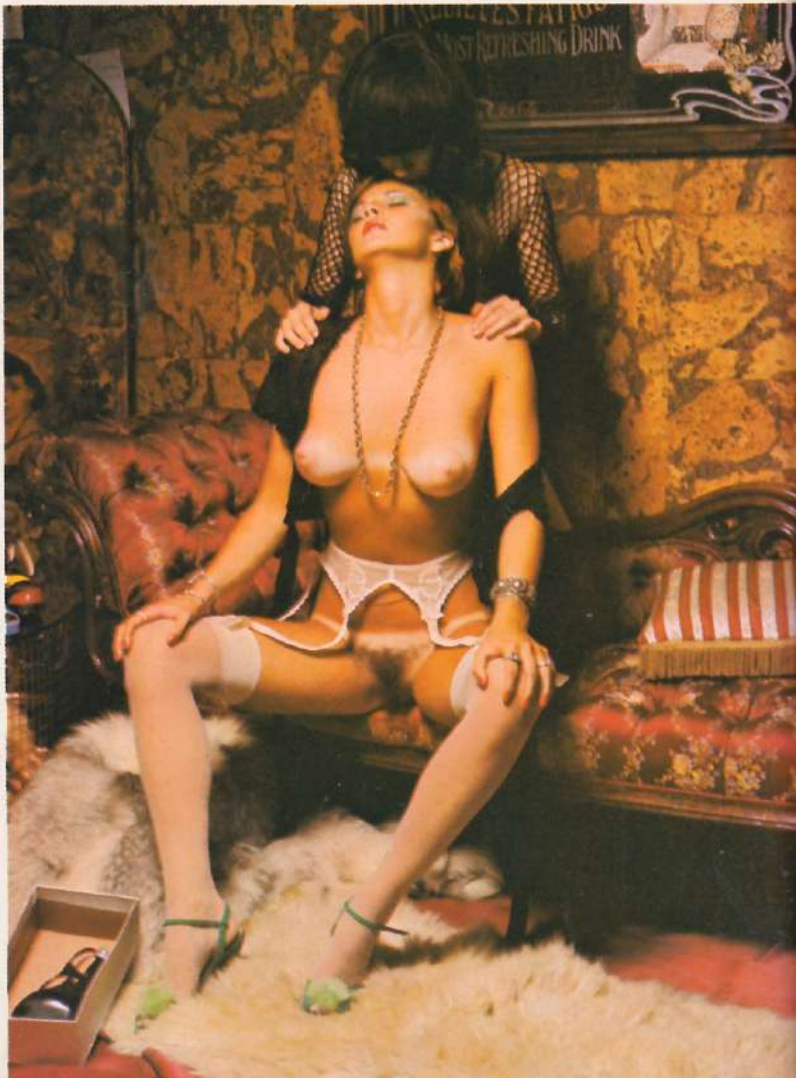
V.S.O.P
COURVOISIER
NAPOLEON
COURVOISIER
COURVOISIER

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

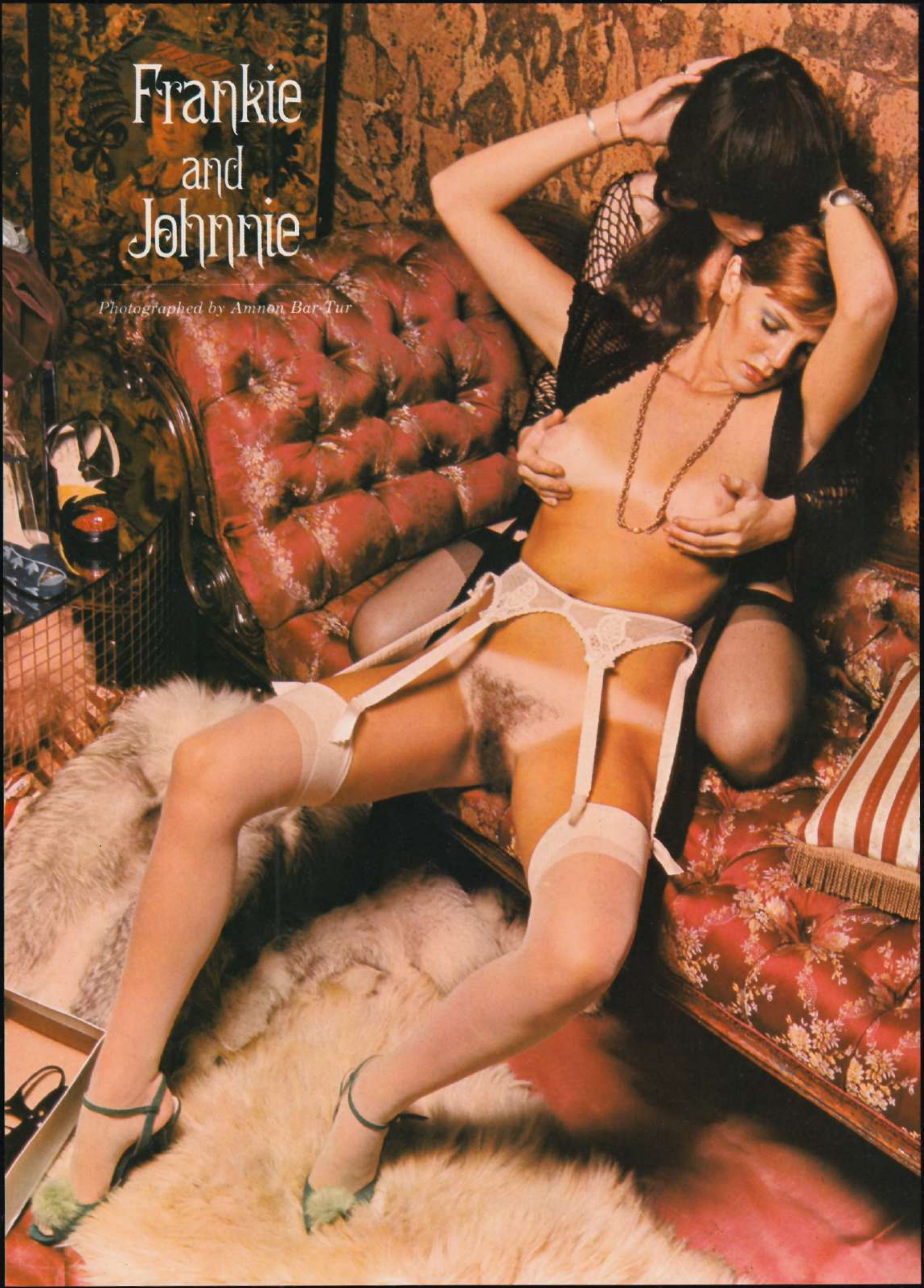
'The Brandy of Napoleon'

THREE STAR LUXE · V.S.O.P. · NAPOLEON


MOST REFRESHING DRINK

Frankie and Johnnie

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur



Frankie and Johnnie, friends of many years, spend a lot of their spare time these days playing games – purely in the interest of their respective psyches. Frankie explains:

"Johnnie – Joanna actually, and I'm Frances, so you can see how the nicknames arose – and I first met at our extremely exclusive, expensive and repressed boarding school when we were about twelve or thirteen. We went to finishing school together, came up to London together and shared a flat – we still do. But our education had left its mark on us – we were terrified of men and had no idea how to talk to them. Se we decided to go to a local encounter group to try and get rid of some of our repressions. And it's certainly working!"

But how could they justify their inability to communicate with men with their willingness to act out one of the games they play for our photographer?

"Oh, that's entirely different," says Johnnie. "That's not making conversation. That's just doing our encounter exercises." Some exercises, girls! ☐

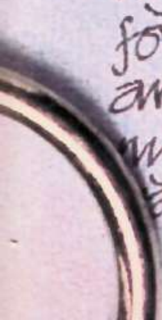
Shoes by Terry de Havilland, Kings Road, Chelsea.
Clothing and accessories from Ginger, South Molton Street. Fur coat from G. Herman, Conduit Street.

Dear Tuppy,

Sorry we couldn't get together before you shot off to the States – life has been very hectic and, I must say, has become more than interesting – trust you to be away when the action starts! Guess what? – I am being madly pursued by a member of an outrageous rock band. At last I can indulge in all my more bizarre dress fantasies when he takes me out.

A few days ago Charley, my rock'n'roller, introduced me to his favourite shoe-maker – Alphonso. I decided that I would ask Alphonso to make me a whole outfit in metallic leather – tunic, boots and gauntlets. He took me down to the basement for a fitting. He is tall, well-muscled and dark, having the sort of appearance of a young labourer made finer by good living.

I took off my clothes and Alphonso gave me a smile that I had never seen before as he bent down to unlace my boots. He took one boot in his left hand and pulled. For some strange reason – I can't explain why – I pushed savagely with the sharp heel, digging it into his wrist. He gasped and threw me onto the floor, holding me down with his knees on my shoulders. I was strangely sexually excited – especially on spying, out of the corner of my eye, his own boots, which had razor-sharp pointed toes in scarlet leather and Cuban heels. He told me not to squirm and undid his zip. I guess it was the moment I'd been anticipating, and I was delighted to see his penis standing up proud, only inches from my waiting mouth! Suddenly, I felt my ankles being taken in a firm grip by two separate pairs of hands, and yet another pair of hands lifting my hips and spreading my sex to receive the strong thrusts of an unknown penis forcing itself into me. I was all a-ripple, and the hands around my ankles began to run rythmically up and down my stockinged legs. After the second or third orgasm ad torn through me, I looked around me and saw that



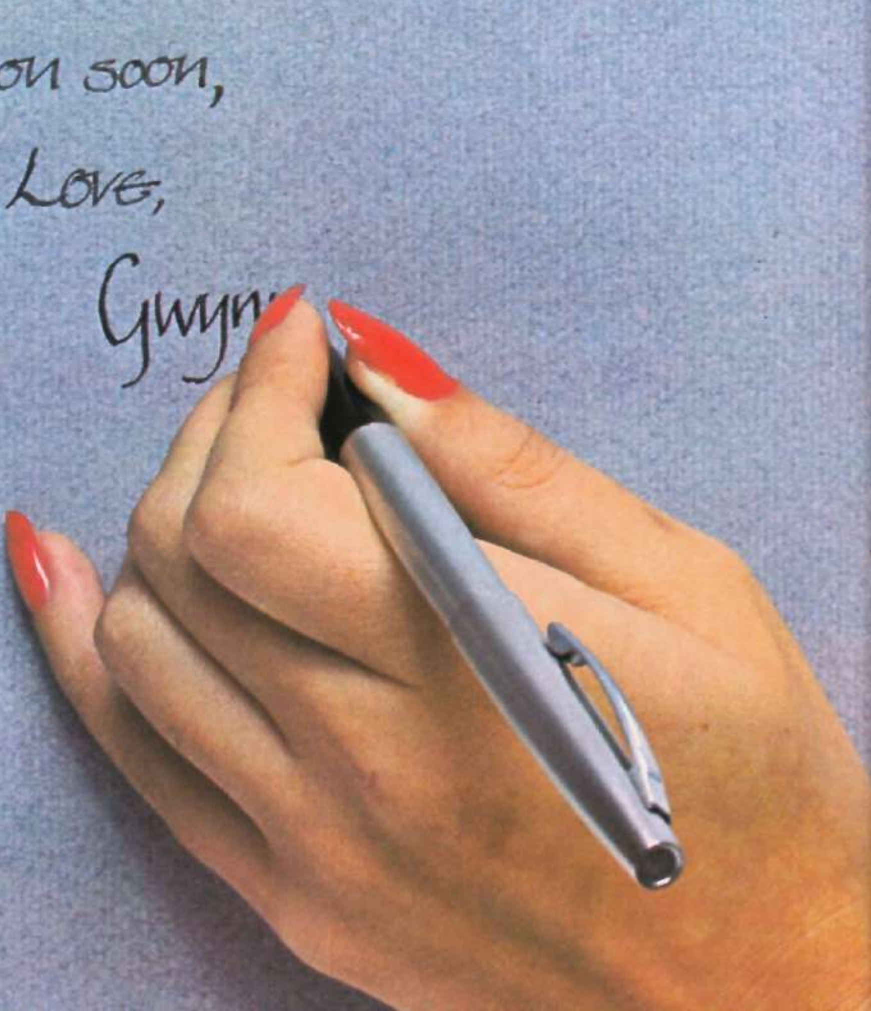
there were now five boys - one a tall, young half-caste, very beautiful, with broad nostrils flared with passion. He pulled a plaited leather thong from the ceiling and thrashed broad strokes across the backs of my two foot-slaves, encouraging them to suck my toes and lick between the mesh of my stockings! Wowy, zowy, Tuppy, what a sensational scene! The tempo got really tough then. Alphonso came. The two men at my feet were tossing themselves off and came over my legs - and then the stranger between my legs gave his last powerful thrusts. The half-caste's come seemed to spurt over us all, indiscriminately. I felt so satisfied! - and the boots are beautiful, as you can see from the pic!

So what do you think, Tuppy? If you like, I'll let you have Alphonso's address as he can really produce something unusual in the shoe line! Ring me when you get back and let me know. Maybe you won't dig those guys as much as I do - I hope you do!

See you soon,

Love,

Gwyn



My dear Gwynne,

Of course I phoned you as soon as I returned to London, only to find you'd gone to Cannes to help sell the film. Well, I'm coming down myself soon, so see you then! Samantha had the number of the shoemaker, but I haven't had the time or courage to go and see him yet – how will I feel if I simply get sold a pair of shoes? I'll wait till you can take me along. Five men at once isn't bad, is it? You probably think five men is almost as good as one girl!

I must admit I enjoyed the last evening we were together when we went punting along the Cam at dawn. What a hilarious night! I hear it was the beginning of something quite fantastic between you and Marie. You know she's never had a girl before, don't you? You'd never think so to watch you both. I'm sure you think I'm an inhibited old cow for not joining you both, but girls really aren't my scene, although I expect I'll try it one of these days. I don't have the slightest inclination to please *women, like I do men. I think girls are very sexy and exciting, and guess I could get quite worked up, but there would be a certain mental enthusiasm missing. I can imagine myself thinking, 'Why doesn't she frig herself instead of making me nose into her horrid cunt?' No, I don't really like cunts either, so that's another snag. Tits would be a novelty, and I would have a definite envy-lust for them, especially if they were huge. So that counts you out, my dear! Anyway, I'll let you know when and if I ever take the plunge.*

Hope you're still in Cannes when I come down. Take care.

Love, Tuppy.

PS: To complement your photo, here's one of me in my kinky leather outfit. Nice, eh?

Dear Tuppy,

Thank you for your latest letter with the fascinating story of your filming in Amsterdam. I am so glad you are learning to use your arse to fuck, and have actually been filmed exploring it. I am sure no woman is sexually complete without this beautiful experience. It's not so much the physical sensation of cock distending your anus – although that's no doubt delicious – but more the mental attitude that arse-fucking induces. It signifies, for me anyway, complete physical surrender on the part of the woman and a willingness to be used as an instrument for someone else's pleasure; once the sacrifice is made mentally it is of course immediately rewarded by the most exciting physical sensation. Unfortunately, some girls try once, get hurt, and are too frightened to venture again. The problem is usually that they are resisting entry, with a partner who is impatient or plain clumsy, so that the moment of mental surrender (with the accompanying gentle relaxation of the anal sphincter) is never reached. It's always so much more difficult to teach a girl to whom this has happened, but usually possible with patience and preparation. The anus, of course, must never just be assaulted, rather it must be seduced: the finger and tongue working gently will usually be accepted by the most terrified anal virgin if they are applied with sufficient skill, and can then pave the way for the cock.

Since I last saw you I have had a short trip to Amsterdam, and it was a very frustrating trip. I had my first experience of a 'public fucking' show. I've been promising myself this ever since I moved to Brussels, but it's taken me all this time to slip away. As you know, I'm a great fan of erotic films, but with this live show I was terribly disappointed. The show was unbelievably unimaginative and there was no attempt at production. The organisers just don't seem to understand what the basic needs of a voyeur are. It is not enough to be in the presence of naked people and know that they are fucking. It is necessary to see the couple excite each other and handle their partners' bodies in a public way. Most of the audience are men – most voyeurs are men – and all of them want to see the lady's sexual parts being violated. None of the men actually showed the girl's cunt to the audience: I can't help thinking that this would have made a dramatic improvement to the show. Nor did any of the girls adopt the most provocative position in relation to the audience – you know what I mean, I'm sure – kneeling with their head on the bed, legs wide apart offering their cunt (and arse!) in the most charming way. None of this was done and the fucking was perfunctory. Perhaps only very unimaginative men take on the job. We should give them a demonstration, Tuppy. All this has made me very hungry for you, and I can't wait for you to come to Brussels – please make it soon. I trust you are keeping up your anal exercises – push the dilator in a little further for me tonight – I will be thinking of you (whilst fucking my receptionist)!

Love, Bruno Suchard.

(Surgeon, Brussels).

Dear Bruno,

I was so pleased you were able to come up to Breda to see the rough-cut of the film, even if I did only see you for a few hours. Let me tell you – the finished product is far, far better than the cut you saw. I went to the Cannes Film Festival to see it and I was so gripped by it that I couldn't take my eyes off it to bend over to gives Ges a blow-job, which I had promised him. Actually I was in a dilemma, because I was sitting between the Playboy *film critic and Ges, and I thought it would be nice for the* Playboy *geezer to get blown by one of the stars while watching the film, but this would mean I'd have to give two blow-jobs and would miss so much of the film. In any case I was completely stunned, having only flown in that morning, to discover that I was a star of one of the most talked-about films in Cannes, with people photographing me, staring and clapping and cheering. It was all so unexpected, and if only I'd known I would have gone down feeling all swanky and practised my* News of the World *smile. Anyway, I found it all too much and we pissed off to St Tropez the next day.*

What was most amazing about the trip was that when I got in the plane to fly back to London, I found myself sitting next to the same chap that I'd sat next to going out – they were both regular Air France Flights, not a special package. I'd purposely not spoken to him on the way out because he seemed to be a spoilt little prig, judging by the way he spoke to the air-hostesses. But on the way back, because of the great coincidence, we got into discussion, and he turned out to be a doctor. Then I understood his manner – you all *talk to people as if they are nursing sisters showing you round the ward. I told him I'd been at the Film Festival looking at the blue film I'd acted in, and guess what! He had decided on the way out that I was a 'nice little girl of about twenty-three, going down to the South of France to join her parents'! Then he asked me what people's normal reaction was when I told them what I do for a living, and I told him about the man on the jumbo jet coming back from New York, and how he'd wanted to fuck on the aeroplane like Emmanuelle, and we did it (as I've already told you) and of course after this story the doctor got all horny inside his white trousers. (I don't know why it always shows more with white trousers.) Then I told him about my writing for* Club International *and he wanted to write me letters for it, but I told him I already had one doctor, and one is quite enough. Anyway, we didn't screw on the plane, but kept talking. He kept leaning over to me and asking questions like, "Do you like oral sex?"*

"Yes."

"I see." . . . pause . . . "What about anal sex?"

"Yes."

"I see." . . . pause . . . "What about lesbianism?"

"No."

"I see." . . . pause . . . "What about group sex?"

"Yes, especially with about twenty men."

"I see." etc.

So I fucked him that night, and gave him all the things he'd asked about on the plane (except the twenty men and the lesbianism) and afterwards he said, "Why did you want to be buggered?" and I told him it was because he'd shown interest in it during our conversation. Actually, he had a very convenient buggery prick – very pointed.

Going to our meeting in Breda – it was all delightfully obscene, wasn't it? I really didn't mind that you were wiggling your fingers inside Gwynne's holes more than mine as we watched the film, because I know you like new holes. Next day I told Gwynne that she had a 'sweet smelling arse' (you remember, you gave me a niff of your finger) and she was overjoyed. It was as if she'd put honey up it.

Seeing we never talk when we're together, I think I'll answer your letter (strange relationship we have – fucking and letter-writing!) I think you were quite profound about your analysis of the social aspects of buggery, but I have something to tell you: I'm not doing any exercises. The thing is that losing my anal virginity was so exciting (as you keep saying) and one of the great advantages that the anus has over the vagina is that, if you don't practise, you can repeat the deflowering experience with lots and lots of men. Don't get jealous now!

As far as the fuck-shows are concerned – I absolutely agree with you – they are all pathetic. The one I saw in New York was performed by a queen and an ancient stripper. He had to keep looking to the back of the theatre at his boyfriend so that he

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Putting out for the Count

Recollections from Count Zichy with a photograph by David Parkinson

For Zichy, the Ghost of Christmas Past is a welcome figure – bringing recollections of beds, blondes and booze. So – once upon a time . . .

As the years pile up on one's shoulders, it becomes increasingly difficult not to live in the past. Christmas is a helluva time for memories and each year I make a resolution, which I promptly break, not to stroll down Memory Lane hand in hand with various women with whom I have shared the festive season, towards the prettily decorated tree twinkling dimly through the mists of time.

Because I have lived – without regrets – the kind of life described in an understatement as 'unorthodox', I suppose the kind of Christmas I deserved – and got – was 'different'. Flipping through the pages like an old family album, I pause at a blurred picture and search in the computer of my memory until it comes into focus, probably because it was 'different' even by my standards. So, children, if you want to learn how *not* to spend your Christmases, gather round and hear your Uncle Zichy's pretty tales starting with –

The Christmas of the Fallen Idol, 1932

'Twas the night before Christmas/And all over the house/Not a soul was a-stirring/Not even a mouse.

I muttered the words aloud to myself as I walked slowly through the empty rooms of my small palazzo on the fortress hill, Budapest, overlooking the mountains. It was Christmas Eve when Christmas is celebrated on the Continent and one's thoughts are supposed to turn to peace and goodwill and all that crap. Try as I might, I was incapable of working up any form of enthusiasm whatsoever.

My footsteps echoed on the parquet floor stripped of its expensive carpets; through the spacious drawing room lit by a solitary naked bulb suspended from a flex on the ceiling which until recently had supported an ornate crystal chandelier. The walls were still covered with silk but gone were the hand-woven curtains, the paintings, tapestries and wall-brackets. Not a stick of furniture remained and a pile of rubbish had been swept carelessly into a heap by one of the French windows. It was cold; Hungarian Christmases are traditionally white ones: this was no exception and the central heating had been turned off long ago and there were no logs blazing in the open hearth.

I stopped pacing with my back to the fireplace and let past Christmases roll by in flashback before my eyes, when the room had been tastefully furnished and crowded with laughing, chatting, drinking young people, my attractive wife playing the perfect hostess and me as the 'centrepiece' – the amusing, outrageous, rich young aristocrat, idol of the crowds, successful racing driving champion, whose mad escapades and frenzied drinking parties had caught the imagination of the people. My crazy spending filled the gossip columns and caused discreet applause each time I entered a public restaurant or nightclub.

Yes, there had been six years of glorious fun, laughter, fucking, drinking, racing cars . . . and now I was, at the age of twenty-two, deserted by my friends, disgraced and probably the most unpopular man in Hungary. And ruined, flat broke with not even the price of a meal in my one remaining suit.

How did this come about? Well, my father was an Hungarian aristocrat, my mother was English, I was born in England and was taken to live in Hungary at the age of six when the First World War broke out. At the age of sixteen I became of age and inherited a considerable fortune, including the palazzo – small by Hungarian standards but a real little 'gem'.

At the age of eighteen, because of my drunken orgies and idiotic spending, my family bullied me into marrying an English society girl several years my senior, hoping I would 'settle down'.

But I was absolutely infatuated with an Hungarian *cocotte* – tart to you – and the marriage was a disaster and my drinking became successively worse.

Two years prior to this gloomy episode, I began to have money trouble but continued spending like a drunken sailor until things looked so black that I mortgaged everything I had left in order to take a get-rich-quick-or-bust gamble and, of course, lost the lot. I had been unfaithful to my wife right, left and centre and now insisted on her divorcing me. There was a hastily hushed up nasty little scandal when it was found that she had taken an overdose on the eve of her departure from Budapest. But I remained adamant and eventually she left. Public opinion was outraged by my callousness.

So the crash came, the publicity and scandal, headlines, the list of debts from nightclubs to tailors' bills – and the creditors moved in fast. My cars and horses were seized and sold and two weeks before this traumatic Christmas Eve, a public auction had been held in the palazzo to which the populace had thronged out of morbid curiosity and to jeer the fallen idol, stripped of his glamour – the first ever aristocrat to go bust under such unsavoury and much-publicised circumstances. I was allowed to keep one bed, one wardrobe, one table, one chair and to remain in the house until that too would come under the hammer in mid-January.

One of my uncles had summoned me to his exalted presence and after contemplating me with utter loathing, stalked out of the room leaving his gun on the table within my reach with the comment that if I cared to use it during his absence to blow out my brains, his servants had instructions to make it look like an accident. No, I said to myself as I took a swig from the bottle of cooking sherry I had found in the kitchen larder, it had definitely not been my year. And then the bell rang.

Now the last thing I wanted on this festive evening was to see anyone and even less for anyone to see me. I had not shaved for three days and had slept in the thick sweater and slacks I was wearing – it was too cold to undress before going to bed. But the bell rang again and then someone started banging on the gate leading into the courtyard, so I lit a candle stuck in an empty bottle, and by its light – all the light fittings had been removed – made my way down the stairs to the entrance.

There was a figure standing by the gate, so I said: "Whoever you are, go away. There's no-one here and no-one is allowed in."

A feminine voice answered in a soft Viennese accent: "I'm sorry, I don't speak Hungarian," (which I had been using). "Are you Count Zichy? But of course you are. I recognise you from your photographs. May I come in?"

I replied in Viennese: "No, you may not. I don't want to see anyone. If you know who I am, you probably know why." A faint whiff of Schiaparelli's *Shocking* struck my nostrils and I continued somewhat mystified: "Anyway, who the hell are you?" – and I held up the candle peering myopically into the darkness like the Watchman of Notre Dame. What I saw was a small, blonde, splendidly coiffed head, a pretty, young, immaculately made-up face and a slim figure clad in full length fur coat which I recognised as worth a king's ransom. Well, perhaps a not very important king's.

In reply to my question she flung open her coat, revealing a gloriously proportioned body – black satin court shoes on her small feet and black silk stockings and suspenders on her seemingly endless legs – and nothing else. She smiled at my reaction which was the biggest hammed-up double-take in the business of 'boy meets girl', and said: "I am your Christmas present. Merry Christmas, Count Zichy. Now may I come in? Its cold out here." And she wrapped the fur around herself until only the tip of her nose showed above the elegantly fashioned collar.

I started to say: "Well . . . er . . . um . . ." but she pointed to a large hamper by the kerb – I simultaneously noticed fresh tyremarks in the virgin snow – and said: "Will you bring this in? It's rather heavy . . ."

I have never prided myself on being strong-willed and my resolution to sulk my way through Christmas abruptly evaporated. I lugged the hamper upstairs, scraped together some waste logs in the cellar, got a fire going in the drawing room, dragged in the bed, table and chair, made a rough shade for the lightbulb from old newspapers, while Vera – as she told me to call her – unpacked the hamper which contained six bottles of Moet & Chandon '28, caviare, cold turkey, mince pies, ripe Camembert, and a magnum of Remy Martin VSOP. And having despatched some of it to its natural destination, I enquired: "Who's crazy idea was this anyway?" Curiosity is one of my faults.

"I don't know," Vera replied. "I was employed by an agency in Vienna where I work and received all instructions in writing. I travelled down by the afternoon express – a car met me at the station with the hamper already in it. As soon as the driver heard you opening the gate he drove off."

"And your – instructions? Exactly what are the – er – terms of reference?"

"Anything you wish," she smiled, "all the way."

"H'm," I muttered, "you must be a *very* expensive present. I mean that as a compliment – you've got *super de luxe* written all over you."

"Thank you. I like to believe I'm worth it. People – seem to think so. Would you care to unwrap your – present – now?"

"Look," I said, "you obviously know about me – hell, who doesn't? I'm filthy and unshaven and in this sordid surrounding – surely you can't want me to desecrate this rather divine – er – merchandise? And I couldn't bear you to shudder with disgust when I touch you . . . So I'll gratefully accept your company as my Christmas present, but let my present to you be that I let you off 'going all the way' – and nobody will ever know you didn't. Which does not mean," I added hastily as she frowned, "that you aren't the most attractive and desirable creature to walk my way on two superbly beautiful legs for many a month."

She said: "Thank you. Would you like to examine them more closely? I'm told you're a leg-man . . ."

I answered: "I'm not playing hard to get and I'd love to examine them – and much more . . . But only if you want to show them to me."

She stood up and slipped out of her coat. The flickering flames lit up her magnificent young body as she moved towards me, displaying her large firm breasts and splendid legs like the pro she obviously was, and yet with charm and grace and – yes, even modesty – as if she were a virgin about to give herself to her lover for the very first time. I gasped with admiration and desire and her warmth and scent struck me as she came closer and closer – and then she was standing before me. She clasped my head and buried my face between her breasts. And I let my hands explore her glorious legs and ran them gently up the exciting feel of silk on warm flesh from the slim ankles to where the suspender began and further. The bed creaked as I pulled her down beside me.

I never found out who spent probably a couple of thousand pounds on my Christmas present. But whoever it was knew me well. It hauled me out of the mire of lethargy into which I was sinking deeper and deeper and gave me back my fighting spirit by showing me that there were still fun things worth living for. The fallen idol would rise again.

The Christmas of the Reluctant Virgin, 1938

Not being a churchgoer by nature, I never go to church more often than is unavoidable in the way of christenings, weddings, funerals, etc. But there always has been one religious occasion in my life which I would not miss if I can help it and even today would be prepared to travel for the privilege of attending: the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve at the Notre Dame in Paris. This is also a grand social occasion to which *tout Paris* turns out in force.

Apart from the fact that the cathedral is, to my mind, one of the most glorious architectural and artistic structures ever created by man, in the course of its thousand years of celebrating the occasion, the management have evolved a splendidly professional production in which the lighting, music, action and atmosphere blend together to make the Mass an unforgettable experience beside which MGM, Warner Bros, *et al*, makers of superspectacular multimillion performances can hide their faces in shame. Tickets for reserved seats have to be applied for weeks in advance and although there is no charge for them, a brisk black market trade develops on the final days.

As I said, when in Paris I never miss a chance of attending and 1938 was no exception. I had taken with me Trisha, a small but luxuriously equipped Yank blonde of good family (meaning wealthy) who had been 'finished' in a French convent and was studying 'art' in Paris – a term which can cover a multitude of sins.

I had seen quite a lot of her as we moved in the same circle and had made a note to make a pass at her at some convenient moment. She seemed to like me and I anticipated no difficulty in talking her into bed when the occasion arose. Except, of course, that with Yanks one never quite knows what to expect. My experience is that they either leap into bed at the slightest provocation and before you can even finish saying: 'Will you . . ?' or they are bloody minded and raise all sorts of silly objections such as: 'Do you think

I'm as cheap and easy to get in bed as all these Continental females?'

Anyway, it came about that year that Trisha and I were at loose ends and resolved to spend Christmas together. Having dined with friends, we sat in one of the pews at Midnight Mass, enjoying the sound created by the great organ and massive choir, and feasting our eyes on the medieval spectacle of the magnificently garbed clerics going through the dignified motions of the ritual.

I had bought Trisha a Christmas present, a rather attractive chunky aquamarine ring – she liked chunky jewellery – and at one point during the Mass, I took her hand and slipped it on her finger and whispered: "Merry Christmas." It was intended as a sort of 'with this ring I thee wed – well, anyway for the Christmas holidays' gesture. I had been lulled into feeling affectionate and sentimental by the beauty of our surroundings and the festive atmosphere. She looked at it discreetly and gasped with pleased surprise. And her foot moved and pressed gently against mine in a gesture of thanks.

After Mass we went on to the *Bagatelle* which in those days was the in-place for the jet-set and beautiful people – although none of those descriptions had been invented at the time. Everybody, but *everybody*, my dear, was there: the Windsors, the Aga Khan, Barbara Hutton, Doris Duke, Bobo Rockefeller, Elsa Maxwell – the lot. I knew most of these celebrities socially and the Duke even kindly wished me Merry Christmas when we brushed on the dance floor. I had been introduced to him in Budapest, of all places, several years previously and he seemed to remember me – an ability which I never cease to admire in royalty since I can't even recognise my wife if I haven't seen her for a week.

I asked Trisha if she would come back to the hotel with me – the good old Ritz, where I had stayed since childhood and from which I had been married without knowing it ten years previously. The question was, of course, only popped after suitable groundwork, but I am skipping the preliminaries as irrelevant to this tale.

Trisha looked at me very seriously for several seconds before she started to speak, hesitated, stopped, took a deep breath and blurted out: "I – I'd love to go back with you . . . but I think you should know something – I – can't make you – happy . . ."

I did some rapid mental decoding and came up with the result that, a, she was afraid of becoming pregnant (The Pill had not been invented); b, she had the curse; or, c, she was a virgin – at twenty-three or four and after all these years of living in Paris? What was the matter with Frenchmen? By now I was well on my way to feeling no pain and in an 'anything to oblige' spirit, was becoming somewhat rash with my undertakings, so I replied: "Oh well, point taken and not to worry . . . And the invitation still stands. We'll – er – think of something." And she took my hand in both of hers and said: "I'm glad you still want me to come . . . I know I can trust you." Which was more than I knew myself but I let it pass.

Back at the hotel things developed more or less on the lines I had anticipated. After a couple of glasses of champagne, I took Trisha in my arms and kissed her. She responded somewhat guardedly but I felt she was holding back and it was just a matter of time as to when she would go flat out.

She let me undress her, not all the way – which I did not even try as I find an attractive woman three hundred percent more exciting in attractive underwear than in the nude. Anyway I had access to all the things that mattered so why bother? I kissed her breasts and the response being enthusiastic, I descended to the lower regions and buried my face between her thighs.

The noble art of muffdiving has always been one of my favourite indoor – and occasionally outdoor – hobbies and I pride myself on being as expert at it as the next man. (Practice, my dear chap.) She opened her legs slowly, letting me explore the complicated and delicate regions which, in spite of being identical in the general lay-out, differ so completely from woman to woman response-wise. I was conceited enough to anticipate a warm reception but even I was amazed when Trisha let out a roar like an infuriated tigress and shrieked: "Darling! You've struck!"

I followed up my advantage and she reached an orgasm in three minutes, then another and another . . . Then I thought I'd surface for a breather and a drink, but she gripped my head with her thighs and groaned: "Oh please, please don't stop . . . more . . . more . . !"

I muttered to myself 'Gorblimey' or words to that effect and settled down to a steady jog-trot. After a while I got my second wind and she came again. And again. Between moments of ecstasy amid gasps and groans she confided that this was what she had prayed and longed for ever since one of the girls in the convent made an amateurish attempt to seduce her, but it ended in a fiasco as they were both too self-conscious and inexperienced to complete the performance. The men she had 'flirted' with were too anxious or too selfish and all they wanted was to penetrate her – but this she had refused as her convent upbringing had convinced her that this was something she should keep for the man she married.

I lost count after about the eighth but resolved to carry on until she'd had enough if it killed me. Her orgasms seemed to escalate in violence until after one absolute blockbuster during which she tossed and turned and screamed until I began seriously to worry what the neighbours would think, she relaxed and gasped: "Oh, thank you, thank you . . . That was wonderful! . . I never knew anything like this existed. Oh, but I'm so selfish . . . Aren't you dying for a drink?"

I was and I said so, grabbed a glass of champagne and lay back on the bed gasping for air and massaging my jaw. I had developed a healthy erection some time ago which was now prominently displayed and Trisha rather timidly touched it as if she was afraid it might snap at her.

"I – I don't really know what to do," she whispered, "but you've been so good to me . . . I've heard about women doing the same for a man but I've never tried . . . shall . . . may I?"

She did. And she was lousy. After five minutes I couldn't take any more so I hauled her up beside me and while kissing her lips, gently worked my hand down the inside of her thighs – by-passing the delightful small blonde thing in the centre (virgins are *not* my department because I'll be damned if I'm going to do another chap's dirty work for him) – until I touched her anus.

The effect was electric and dramatic. She froze in her tracks, drew away from me, eyes flashing with fury, jumped off the bed and hissed: "You – you revolting – *swine*! How dare you!"

I nearly completed the sentence for her – about not being as cheap as these Continental females – but she piled into her dress, flung her fur around her shoulders, marched to the door, unbolted it and as an afterthought, tore the ring from her finger and flung it at me. Then she departed, slamming the door behind her.

I lay on the bed grinning – I wasn't going to stop her if this was how she wanted to play it and thought to myself: Oh well, easy come, easy go. The sentence seemed highly appropriate but I couldn't quite work out why. And I went on to think, bugger convent upbringing, but somehow this did not seen quite so appropriate. So I lit a cigarette and lay on the bed contemplating my erection (in lieu of my navel which I am told can be very satisfying) and wondering what the hell I should do with it for the rest of Christmas. Then there was a scratch on the door, it opened and a small head appeared and whispered: "May I come back? I'm sorry . . . I've been a bitch . . ."

I made an inviting gesture, half rolled over and filled a second glass with champagne. Trisha sort of slunk in with her tail between her legs, let her dress drop to the floor and stepped out of it. She picked up the ring, slipped it on her finger, then lay down beside me, kissed me and rolled over on her tummy.

I took that as my cue and rose to the occasion, when my attention was attracted by a scrawl on her delightfully rounded buttocks. Something was written on them with lipstick in block capitals – it took me a moment to decipher, then I got the message which was: 'MERRY CHRISTMAS' . . .

I considered that a fair swop: a ring for a ring.

The Christmas of the Drunken Nurses, 1944

Jennifer and Fiona were adorable and inseparable. The former was a big, juicy brunette with almost ridiculously long legs and a divine pair of boobs. She carried herself magnificently and walked with a dignified grace that made men want to prostrate themselves before her to be used like Walt Raleigh's cloak.

Fiona was shorter, quicker, slightly ginger haired with a hint of freckles to whom the term 'pneumatic' might be applied. Both girls looked splendid and immaculate in their smart navy blue uniforms worn with black nylons – God knows where they got them from in war-torn Britain. They were VADs, nurses in a posh nursing outfit in which the girls' IQ and appearance was on a par with the WRENs and most of them had service backgrounds. Jennifer's daddy was a brigadier, while Fiona's was a commander, RNR.

Yours truly at the time was a struggling staff-sergeant-interpreter-interrogator-dogsbody in a PoW camp somewhere in blacked-out frozen East Anglia, but by sheer luck I had achieved a position of importance totally out of proportion with my lowly

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MIRIAM

Photographed by Amnon Bar-Tur

Miriam has the kind of ripe, exotic beauty that makes you think of fields of rippling grain and dark red grapes ripening under a searing Eastern sun.

And when Miriam sings – as she does every night in a small, intimate club whose location we're not going to disclose because we want to keep her to ourselves – you understand why Jason had himself tied to the mast of the Argo before he listened to the song of the Sirens.

"Yes, I know the effect I produce when I sing. I've been aware of it since I was about sixteen. I think of it as a gift – it's not something technical, something I can consciously produce. It's just there–and I'm grateful for it."

So are we, and so will you be, when Miriam's presence reaches out to you – and it will. ☐

Waterbed from Western Waterbeds International Ltd, 281 Finchley Road NW3, who offer eight different beautiful styles.

Lingerie by Janet Reger, 2 Beauchamp Place, SW1. Zebra skins by G Herman, 61–65 Conduit Street W1.

The Erotic Voice

Six Of The Best

Feature by Todd Mallanson with a photograph by Mick Rock

The kind of writing people enjoy gives one an insight into their secret preoccupations. The erotic literature of a country reveals a corporate fantasy . . .

For centuries venereal disease was known to Englishmen as 'The French Pox', contraceptives were 'French letters', the erotic use of the tongue was 'French kissing' – and, of course, prostitutes gave 'French lessons'. But the French, and the rest of Europe, had more accurately singled out England's sexual peculiarity, 'Le Vice Anglais'. The English vice, which seemed to excite the Island Race and to add a breathtaking tension to sexual enjoyment was all the odder for seeming so uncomfortable. It was, in two words, corporal punishment. Not just any kind of corporal assault – a punch on the nose remained unacceptable – but the use of the whip. Sometimes a man responded to the erotic suggestion of a girl beating him. More often, it was he who longed to whip, birch, or spank the lady. The simple truth is, as a magazine investigation has revealed, that the favourite male daydream is that of smacking a girl's bare bottom.

The subject occurs in other erotic literatures, but never with the same persistence or in the same way. For two centuries, the erotic voice of England has spoken through such titles as: *Birch in the Boudoir*, *The Romance of Chastisement*, and *Colonel Spanker's Lecture*. One enterprising Victorian, John Camden Hotton, even published a flagellation opera: *Madame Birchini's Dance*. When the staid columns of *The Family Herald* opened a discussion on the disciplining of girls, the correspondence lasted for fourteen years. When *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* ventured on the same topic, it had to publish a supplementary volume to hold all the letters.

One might expect that as the rod was used more sparingly in fact, it would die out in erotic fiction. Quite the contrary, for as one merchant of the erotic book trade said, on the record, no story was complete for English readers without 'a bit of flage'. *Spanker's Monthly* was to be as English as keg bitter, Stilton cheese and fish and chips. In one respect, it remains peculiarly English.

When the subject occurs in the erotic literatures of other countries, the man is either beaten by the girl for his enjoyment, or else he beats her for the same reason. But in England, even in the 1970s, this will not do. The moral 'correction' or discipline is an essential element. It seems there is no fun in walloping a good girl, but a 'naughty' girl is fair game. Teacher, boss, or boyfriend performs his stern duty and has the time of his life doing it.

The true irony is that magazines and pulp novels of the 1970s often carry accounts of girls being chastised in a manner which many Victorian disciplinarians might thoroughly approve. *Pages from a Punishment Book*, in 1973, giving names, ages, offences, and details of thrashings seems less sensational than some of the actual 'chastising schools for unruly girls' a century ago. In some modern fantasies, the Saturday evening punishment-list is drawn up with meticulous care and an elaborate preoccupation with detail, in one case even listing the times.

'8.30. Pauline C, age 18. Immorality with Lesley H. Pauline to be bent over a chair and given twenty-four strokes of the birch across her bare bottom.

'9.00. Lesley H, aged 15. Immorality with Pauline C. Lesley is to lie bottom-upwards over a cushion and receive eighteen strokes of the cane across her behind with knickers lowered.'

The list suggests devotion to duty combined with a strong right arm. The procession continues until almost midnight, when Lesley reappears, under sentence of thirty strokes of the birch for 'repeated immorality', presumably as a solo offence. There is a 'Remarks' column for good measure. 'Lesley begged to be excused, insisting that she had been too severely disciplined earlier in the evening to be punished a second time. She was carefully examined when kneeling over the block. Lesley's bottom bore the marks of a recent caning but she was judged to be ready for the birching. It was necessary to remind her that she had incurred this by her own repeated indulgence in vicious habits. Lesley was then birched, the full number of strokes being given'. For the technically-minded it is explained that Lesley is a tall, robust girl with a backside that is considerably broadened by the kneeling posture and therefore presents a 'fuller area' for punishment.

There is such an earnestness about this sort of thing that an outsider might be forgiven for asking what is erotic about it? Certainly in the outline timetable of beatings there is little description of the actual events and the behaviour of the girls. A more significant development is the emergence of the flagellation theme from time to time in novels of the 1970s, some of them highly-praised and none remotely pornographic. In *His Lordship* by Leslie Thomas, the frustrated tennis-coach rounds on fifteen-year-old Susan. ' "In a boys' school," he said, "you would get six of the best across your little backside." . . . "Why don't you try me?" she said.' In Christopher Nicole's *Face of Evil*, another teacher, Michael Baird, finds himself in the same occult group as his blonde pupil Andrea. The girl is fastened face-down and naked over a table for her initiation, which is to be thirty-six strokes of the cane across her behind. The mistress of ceremonies hands the cane to Baird, inviting him to begin the thrashing and adding knowingly, 'I'm sure you must often have wished you could bend her across your desk!' The heroine of Dave Wallis's *Hard Luck Girl* is a blonde Swedish teenager who ends up in a Latin American police cell. Her two interrogators pin her down so that she is bending over with the cheeks of her jeans 'stretched tight'. Her jeans and pants are lowered and the fingers of the officers probe her vagina and anus in a body search. But while they have her in this posture, one of the men gives her the spanking of her life. When the girl, in tears of humiliation, is about to pull her pants up, she is told, 'Not just yet'. The two men then proceed to relieve their understandable tension.

None of these novels is primarily erotic in tone. Among books of the 1970s which are, the theme of misbehaviour and discipline is far more pronounced. Part of the series *Sweet Vengeance*, which appeared as a series of privately produced volumes, is a case in point. As Gillian Freeman pointed out, analysing this material in *The Undergrowth of Literature*, the punishments inflicted on heroines of fourteen or fifteen are excessive to the point of being homicidal. But the story insists that the girls are being punished for blackmail, the whippings are not merely for their captors' pleasure.

One book in this collectors' series, *Teacher's Revenge*, illustrates the classic form of English flagellation fiction. Two girls, Sandra and Linda, falsely accuse a PE instructor, Chuck, of indecency, and he is sacked. But his mistress Karen runs a 'strict approved school', where the girls are sent on arson charges framed by Chuck, who appears as a member of the staff. He and Karen obtain written and recorded confessions of perjury from the girls, together with a request for punishment. The 'richly-deserved' retribution takes place that night in Chuck's quarters.

Broad green curtains are drawn to screen the incident. In the cloakroom, Karen deals with Sandra, 'a broad-hipped lass of sixteen with lively blue eyes and brown page-style hair at shoulder length'. Bolting the toilet door 'to avoid interruptions', Karen views 'the round healthy cheeks of Sandra's bare bottom, framed by white suspender-belt and black uniform stockings'. The girl kneels on the tiling, secured over the pedestal, a posture which obliges her to offer her 'fully-spread rear view'. Karen tells her that there is no need to be shy with a mistress who sees the same view a dozen times over at the birching of disobedient girls. Then Sandra's blue eyes grow 'wide with fright' as Karen uncoils a 'short snakeskin whip'.

Typically, there is much harping on ritual details. Some chastisers, we are told, would allow a pretty pupil to wear her white stretch briefs 'but Karen was a true disciplinarian who wanted her full-bottomed tomboy to feel the naked smart of leather'. The routine itself is predictable from the first 'Crack-smack!' across 'the broadened globes of sixteen-year-old Sandra's behind'. She is racked by 'a screaming intensity of pain', her protests muffled to 'a frantic mewing'. The sight of her backside writhing under punishment is described ad lib, to the point where she accidentally closes on the 'streaking quirt' and releases it with desperate speed.

Such stories blame the girl for inviting punishment. 'Sandra lay bottom-upwards over the loo, perfectly positioned for the whip. Her robust young arse swelled out naked under the tight waist-strap. The breathtaking smart of the curling lash made Sandra's bum-cheeks wiggle like a go-go girl on heat, as if deliberately ogling Karen'. By her squirming and 'rude noises' under the whip she incurs further strokes. 'The seductive form-captain could bear no more on her thrashed bottom, but Karen made her bear it all the same'.

Karen, like most women in such stories, is crueller than Chuck, who deals with Linda, the younger girl, 'a soft little blonde with sly blue eyes and sulky mouth'. Sandra is 'a quiet serious girl', but Linda is presented as a scheming little slut. However, strapped bending over the sofa arm, she offers 'a womanly behind, the white stretch-briefs arching high up over the plump pale cheeks'. Chuck lowers them, scenting the 'intimate uncovered warmth'. He then positions her with his hands and measures the cane across Linda's 'plumply curved bottom-moons'. The thrashing is to last ten minutes by the clock and Linda's backside is soon 'quivering like smacked jelly' under the strokes. The contrived clichés are as absurd as the worst television commercials and flash on the page in much the same way. The narrative seems hopelessly torn between an obligation to be randy and a desire for disciplinary zeal. On the one hand, the cane smacks 'like a whip across Linda's arse', but a moment later the self-righteous tone returns. The reader is reminded that she has shown herself to be a vicious liar and a promiscuous one into the bargain. There is, we are assured, no need to feel any sympathy for the 'red imprints of bamboo on the pearly bottom of the weeping little blonde'. And, no doubt, many a stern Victorian voice might cry, 'Hear! Hear!'

The conclusion is as absurd as the rest of the story. The girls are reported to have absconded, but the wily Chuck has delivered them to an Arab harem, whose owner has a convenient preference for his concubines' rears. On leaving, Chuck passes the girls' open doors. Linda, after a night with the Pasha, sleeps face-down across a divan in blouse and stockings, her bottom showing traces of the man's interest. Sandra, having been birched by the Pasha, has been left bending in nothing but a blouse to await a second instalment from an eunuch. She twists her head round, her eyes imploring Chuck, 'her last hope of escape'. He sees how 'sorely birched' she has been and knows that the sight of 'Sandra's schoolgirl bottom so temptingly offered' will bring out the cruellest streak in the eunuch. But he remembers her 'artful deceit'. The eunuch enters, birch in hand, and adjusts himself to his task, 'while the pretty tomboy squirmed her smarting cheeks in frantic anticipation'. There is a 'wild appeal' in her eyes as Chuck gives her 'a last, knowing look', and walks away – into the sunset?

The whole plot is not so much sinister as ludicrous, with its Pashas and harems dotted all over the place, and its 'Rent-a-Eunuch' availability of odd and undesirable bit-players. And yet for the greater part of its length it is as much 'disciplinary' as erotic. The punishment of the girls for lying, the humiliation of the beating, the exposure, and the discomfort beyond endurance would all find a ready echo in Victorian documentary literature on the same topic in such sources as *The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*. When prostitutes were whipped in public in London in the eighteenth century, Ned Ward described the parties of fashionable gentlemen who went to witness the sport. When a pretty young lesbian was whipped in prison for her vices, no less a man than the novelist Henry Fielding wrote a pamphlet describing the case. If it seems unnecessarily cruel that the fictitious sixteen-year-old Sandra should have her bottom birched twice in a morning in the harem, the lesbian Molly Hamilton suffered worse in reality, being sentenced to several successive punishments with a proper whip. Both the evidence of fiction and of history suggests that the flagellation mania is something deeply embedded in English social experience and not likely to be rooted out without some difficulty.

It might seem logical that the same taste should prevail in the erotic voice of American literature, and to some extent it does. But if there is one erotic theme which has become as American as apple-pie in the 1970s it is the great bondage and domination obsession. To an outsider, who remains unmoved by forceful girls in six-inch heels or by being trussed rather more securely than the average chicken, the craze seems as odd or inexplicable as England's flagellation stories. But publications, books and periodicals appear by the score: *Bishop in Bondage, Hogtie, Bound to Please, Knotty, Bizarre Manor, Fit To Be Tied*, and so on in a series of excruciatingly punning titles.

The room for variations upon this particular national theme might seem even more limited than in the case of flagellation, but ingenuity on the part of the inventors produces, in their own terminology 'bonds without bounds'. *Bishop in Bondage* offers numerous examples. In one of them a shapely Japanese girl is undergoing the pleasures of submission to bondage. She wears a waist-length corset of tight, shiny-black leather with suspender straps to her stockings. She lies on her back, knees pulled up to her breasts and held there tightly by a strap running under the back of the knees and round her neck. Her legs are strapped together at the ankles and just below the knees, her arms bound behind her by three straps from wrists to elbows. Thus immobilised, her mouth is opened for the rubber gag and a final gleaming black strap is tightened. This runs from the back of her waist belt, drawn as taut as it can be between her buttocks, under her legs, and fastened securely to the belly of the corset.

The girl's excitement is, allegedly, in

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THE STARS

I suppose when you stroll into any public loo to reveal your 'X' fronts, 'Y' fronts or 'no' fronts to shake hands with your best friend, point percy at the porcelain, release the one-eyed trouser snake or whatever, you are often more intent on the matter (some bigger, some smaller) in hand than in the theatre of activities those disinfected, pristine palaces contain.

One thing is certain – no matter under what lucky or unlucky star you were hatched, whether big drinker, teetotaller or the Vicar of Bray, you've got to leak sometimes. So much shit (I should say in this context – piss) is talked about astrology that it has had the effect of not so much making your correspondent pissed off with the whole subject, but of making more than average efforts to overthrow the Celestial Taboos of Gentlemen's Loos.

So to quit the introductory balls and get down to the real nitty-gritty of this investigation, you'll burst your bladder to know that a missing piece about the size of a 10p coin in a public shit house door (funny that) was the ideal viewpoint for the antics, frolics and 'otherics' of a multi-berthed public gents' urinal. I should say that anyone with no sense of smell, a generally strong constitution, reasonable eyesight over ten yards or so, a few hours to waste between opening times, a 1p coin and preferably no interest in astrology, can handle this kind of study.

All the subjects of the investigation, the summary of which appears here, were of course told they were on rancid camera and most made the customary reply with which we are all so familiar. One way of checking the accuracy of this survey is to put your hand over the names of the signs used in the analysis, and when you have studied carefully and found which applies to you, then check the sign.

ARIES

It may be quite appropriate to commence this analysis by portraying the Arian. In a way he is the kind of guy most of us hate. His vanity is such that he unfastens five buttons when he knows one will do. He is the incessant 'Have you heard the one about the wog with the twelve inch dong, the nun and the one-legged pekinese' joke teller throughout his self indulgent piss, and culminates the event with a great flourish to shake off any lingering drops. He then makes a great display of his struggles to get his buttons done up again.

TAURUS

We all know the Taurean. He is the big bully boy with an overweight gut and 'a got to look in the mirror to see it' expression. Mostly, in fact, he is full of bullshit, but he just can't help displaying his strength by banging his tool on the side of the urinal to knock the drops off. He is also the proverbial bull in the china shop. A Taurean is the only gentleman (?) of my acquaintance to actually wrench a urinal off the wall by tripping over his trousers and getting his arse stuck in it. Not a clever thing to do.

GEMINI

Geminis are clever and pretty versatile. So much so that a good sample of this borders on total indifference. The best example I can give you is of a bloke who, obviously bursting for a piss, happened upon a loo with wet cement on the floor. He picked up the attendant's unattended cap which was lying on the floor, pissed in it, tipped it out of the door and replaced the cap. In short, when caught short, they'll piss anywhere. But since they're of the sign that finds schizophrenia constraining they won't realise they've done it.

CANCER

Being the first water sign you'd think Cancerians would revel in WC's of any type. In fact they are renowned for tenacity and an amazing ability to get what they want. All this leads to a pretty sneaky type of bloke who will drop one of those killer silent farts during his piss, then sniff dramatically while looking around at the blokes in the adjoining cubicles.

So the best thing to do if you spot a Cancerian loo-bound, is to wait, if you possibly can, and thus deny him his dubious and anti-social pleasure.

LEO

Leo is of course the sign of the king or president with all the right kind of generous, warm-hearted attributes. He's the kind of guy who is so totally sociable he always joins his friends to piss whether he wants to or not – says it costs him nothing anyway. He'll always enliven a rather dull visit to his local convenience by instituting four-part community singing. He and his ilk took such a long time on one occasion to finish their recital, that there was a queue up the stairs and halfway round the next block.

VIRGO

Virgos to any lesser mortal are another big pain in the arse and you can readily see why when you discover this sign rules the abdomen and intestines. In fact, this precise methodical fellow is the kind of guy who's so clever he usually pisses without holding his tool and shows off by adjusting his tie at the same time. A common alternative to doing two things at once is the reading of books or papers while pissing. The world record is held by a man who actually read a complete chapter of *The Carpet Baggers* during his piss.

LOOK DOWN

LIBRA

You know what they say about hardened gamblers – they'll bet on flies running up a wall. Well, if you're having such a wager in a public loo make sure there are no Librans about. This man is renowned for his restless nature and he'll more than likely frivolously play the stream up, down and across the wall to try and piss on any stray flies as they pass to and fro.

Fortunately, because he has an artistic nature, he'll do this beautifully: but his volume could ruin many a race.

SCORPIO

The symbol of those born under Scorpio is – surprise, surprise! – the scorpion. Watch this one. He's got more than a metaphorical sting in his tail. He's the kind of guy who wanders up and down the row of urinals inspecting everybody else's equipment, regaling one with a hollow laugh, one with a sigh and shake of the head, and yet another with an ill-concealed snigger. Someone should buy him a copy of *How to Make Friends and Influence People*. Even if he didn't read it, he could use it to shield that knowing leer.

SAGITTARIUS

Sagittarians are always in a hurry. They're restless, impatient and have an almost uncanny curiosity. You can pick this type as easily as pi (sorry about that) in any public convenience; he stands there humming loudly, tapping his feet and can't help peeping over the partition to look at the next bloke's tool. Since they also belong to the sign that produces most actors, they have a nasty habit of whistling in amazement, then shaking their heads and leaving without explanation.

CAPRICORN

If you're a Capricorn, you're reserved to say the least, and afflicted with all kinds of worries and depression. He's the kind of bloke who wanders into the loo with a dreadfully worried look and makes a furtive inspection of his tool without pissing. The really disgruntled Capricorn often stands there for quite some time, looks around miserably, occasionally grunts, and then walks out muttering. This sign is the bane of the Special Clinic doctor, as he makes a twice weekly visit – just to be on the safe side.

AQUARIUS

Thank God for Aquarians, they're like the children of this world. Friendly and popular, in a childish sort of way, they live in a world of their own. You can always recognise an Aquarian – he gazes down at the bottom of the urinal while pissing and gets all his satisfaction from just watching the bubbles. They are also the ones who invariably win those 'pissing up the wall' contests that. even in this permissive, technologically advanced age, are held behind many a cycle shed.

PISCES

What a sign to finish with! This guy's the exact opposite of the Arian. His tendency is to be retiring and gentle. Since he's timid, he will never piss if anyone is watching him. He pretends to piss and sneaks back later. The Piscean is also the unlucky type who, when he does finally build up the courage to have a go, tries to fart, shits himself and then finds he can't piss. Poor fellow. He is one of the world's unfortunates and should be treated with kindness as, apart from everything else, he tends to resemble his sign symbol.

By all means carry out your own discreet investigations. And ladies – those of you who should be reading this and find yourself tempted to try a little character analysis – remember this. It is one thing to barge into the loo while your beloved of the moment is taking advantage of one of the greatest pleasures that life has to offer. It is entirely another matter to attempt to conceal yourself in a gents in order to assess the potential of one who is down in your little black book as a potential beloved of the moment. Remember that Man values his privacy in this kind of situation above all things. Which prompts me to close with the following warning. While researching this article I was interested to find a most professorial of figures hustling towards an infamous loo in the centre of London, head down, suitably preoccupied with his own thoughts. He went directly to the first available cubicle (determination I thought) opened his vest (bragger I thought) took out his tie (artistic, thought I) and appeared to piss himself while still engrossed in his papers. (Well, certainly detached, I reckoned). He then left the urinal with flies open (at last, a flasher! I decided) and adjusted his dress and genitalia in the street (finally, truly versatile, I computed). I had to go and ask:

"Sir, do you mind if I ask you . . . you see, I'm carrying out an investigation. Is your determination a sign of you being Taurean, your pride Leo, your artistic flair Geminian, your independence Capricorn or is your obvious combination of intellect and versatility Libran?" But nothing.

"Then again, perhaps Arian?"

Finally, "Atheist," he retorted. "And I never talk to pisshouse pooves!"

Researched and written by John Phillips with graphics by Mike Farrell.

Putting out for the Count

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status in the military hierarchy. Interpreters who spoke four languages were at a premium in 1944 and I was the only link between eight thousand mixed nationality PoWs and the three hundred or so members of the guardian British lines. For months I worked eighteen to twenty hours a day and by sheer necessity, a great deal of the camp's daily business had to be geared to my availability.

The Commandant had issued orders to his officers and the RSM to the effect: For Christ's sake, don't do anything to annoy that bugger Zichy. I had my own office and my private bedroom in a vast Victorian mansion taken over for the duration and I rather enjoyed being indispensable and in a position as a non-com to issue instructions – in the nicest possible way – to my superiors. I must say the officers took it very well and always saluted me simultaneously as I saluted them. The RSM, a dour Scot, a pro and a disciplinarian, hated my guts, but as long as no replacement could be found, I got away with murder – but only just.

It was probably my unusual status that attracted Jennifer to me when we first met at an All Ranks Dance in the local hotel. Half the officers were after her, but when we had danced and decided to sit out the next couple of Hokey-Cokeys, Spreading Chestnut Trees and Lambeth Walks over a bottle of champagne – the barman nearly fainted at the order – I got some filthy looks from the higher echelons but no-one dared to intrude.

Then Fiona came and joined us and I ordered another bottle and Fiona said she had been hearing about me from her partner and was I really an Hungarian count – and if I was only a bloody staff-sergeant how come nobody dared tread on my corns. So we became friends and after the next hop I took Jennifer to bed in my quarters which gave the RSM apoplexy, but when he put me on a charge, he was told by the Adjutant to forget it.

Christmas that year was one of the coldest on record and white – very – we had to dig ourselves out every morning. I had to remain 'on call' if not on duty on Christmas Day and was therefore confined to the mansion – well, more or less. So I had invited Jennifer to spend the evening in the Sergeants' Mess and Fiona decided she would rather be with us and came along, too. The two of them biked over from their billets a couple of miles away.

I had laid in a private stock of liquor sent down from London and we made up a foursome with my nearest 'mate' the Medical Sergeant, Dave. The Mess was decorated with the usual Christmas crap, I did a stint at the piano for dancing, then the 'Nellie Dean and Roll Out The Barrel' boys took over while Jennifer, Fiona, Dave and I settled down to some serious drinking – and I mean serious.

I had ordered six bottles of champagne, four whisky, three gin, one brandy. Don't ask me how, but between 7.30 pm and 1 am we had drunk the lot and were as pissed as two pairs of newts.

At about this time Fiona focused with some difficulty on her watch and said ohmygorsh, they had to be back in their billets by two and shorry but they really mush go. Quite refined like the well brought-up little lady she was.

Jennifer, very much on her regal dignity, said yesh indeed they mush, they'd shtop an awful rocket if the front door wash locked and they had to climb over the fensh – wall.

Dave started to say it had been a smashin Shmash parry when his head fell forward with a bang on to the table and it did not require any medical opinion to diagnose that he was out for the count – and everyone else, too.

The girls rose and leaning on the table tried to find their balance. I tried to rise and for a moment my blood froze as I found my legs refused to support me. Then with a supreme effort I was standing.

Amid the bedlam of three groups of pissed sergeants bawling out eight different songs simultaneously, I found our greatcoats and told the girls I'd walk them to the gate on the main road. There was a short cut, a footpath across a field which they would turn on to a few hundred yards farther on.

The night was cold and there was no wind and no moon, but the glare of the crisp frozen snow lit up the landscape. We staggered along, supporting each other, the girls leaning on and pushing their bikes. We didn't speak, concentrating on the all-consuming problem of placing one foot in front of the other, and as the cold air penetrated our lungs after the fug of the blacked-out mess, we gradually realised how utterly, terrifyingly drunk we really were.

We got as far as the turn-off when Jennifer stumbled and fell and lying in the snow looked up at us with her big brown eyes peering sightlessly in two directions simultaneously. She mumbled: "Shorry . . . can' make it . . . mush ge' shome shleep," and passed out.

Fiona, equally drunk but more resistant to cold and booze, probably thanks to her Scottish ancestry, and I, tried everything. Massage with snow, shaking, slapping, pulling, pushing. Result negative. Fiona said: "You'll have to carry her firemanshliff . . . Think you can? We *mush* be back by two . . . Pleesh, at leash *try*!"

Well, I *tried*. But I couldn't even stand on my feet on my own let alone with nine stone or so deadweight on me. I staggered about twenty paces, then my knees gave way. Fiona, who had been pushing the bikes collapsed beside me. I panted: "Fercrissake, lesh resh awhile." I felt like Napoleon retreating from Moscow.

It was at this stage that Jennifer stirred, pulled up her skirt, put her arms around my neck and said: "Darlin', plish muck fe," and promptly passed out again.

I started to say, well now, there's a time and place for everything and this did not seem the right time for muckery, when Fiona said: "That's a damned good idea – p'raps it'll sober you up enough to carry her home. If there's anything I can do?" and she ran her hand over my crutch.

Oddly enough no assistance was required. The sight of Jennifer's superb black legs outlined against the white snow had given me what I referred to as a 'pissed erection', that is, one that seems to have an independent mind of its own. The difficulty with it is that it is almost impossible to get an orgasm but the erection persists *ad infinitum* until you do.

So I said what the hell and helped by Fiona, who had a vested interest, we dragged off Jennifer's knickers and I got into her and started. It was quite exciting but rather like making love to a corpse which is not one of my vices. After a while I complained through the clouds of vapour billowing from my mouth: "This is a bit monotonous, you know – isn't it?"

Fiona said: "Um. I see what you mean. She is not being very co-operative . . . Now, if you want action, why don't you fuck me?"

I said: "You've got a deal, sweetie." She lay down beside Jennifer and I changed over and Christ, did I get some action? Talk about a Highland fling . . She came over and over again, and there were the three of us in this Siberian tundra scene: one bird squealing like a stuck pig, the other passed out in a snowdrift, my petrified penis like an extinct volcano hoping for one last eruption . . .

After half-an-hour or so of good old-fashioned fucking, the exercise and the warmth of Fiona's body began to reconnect me with my AWOL erection which might have been a rather moth-eaten dildo for all the fun I was getting out of it. I said: "Oh, goody – I think I can feel the circulation returning."

Fiona enquired: "You mean you're going to come?" And I said 'yes', and she said: "I think it would be only fair if you fucked Jennifer now and came into her. After all, she is your girlfriend. And I wouldn't have a conscience about seducing you." I mentioned that she was a young lady with all the right values.

"Fercrissake," I said, "she's out like a light and will never know."

"Well, maybe not, but it's the principle, you see. Tomorrow I can tell her that you fucked her which should give her some satisfaction. And she'll find – traces – and then she'll know. After all, she is my best friend. Make me come once more and then you can change."

And so it happened. Fiona had her umpteenth and final orgasm, then I swopped horses in midstream and Fiona obligingly knelt by Jennifer's head and held her legs up in the air to give me better access. At last I came like a sex-starved buck-rabbit and fell away into the snow gulping in the icy air.

After a brief rest I tried again and this time I had sobered up enough to get off the ground with Jennifer draped around my shoulders. Assisted and guided and goaded by Fiona, I staggered and stumbled the remaining mile or so, dumped my burden as gently as possible on the doorstep of their billet from where Fiona said she could manage with the help of some of the girls.

Somewhere I had lost my hat and I walked back through the Siberian night landscape feeling literally as light as a feather. I think I only fell flat on my face about five times but any damned PoW or for that matter any bloody chap from the British lines getting in my hair the next day had cause to wonder what had hit him.

And so I close the 'family album' and switch off the computer for another year. The ghosts of Vera, Trisha, Jennifer and Fiona can rest until Christmas 1976, when I shall break another resolution and parade them before me again. So here's to Absent Friends! ☐

DRY CANE
DRY CANE
EXTRA LIGHT
Superior Rum
DRY CANE

Dry Cane, vermouth and ice.
The answer to the Caribbean's most serious problem.
How to work up an appetite when you don't have to work for a living.

There's nothing like hard work to give you a healthy appetite.

Unfortunately, the Caribbean is nothing like hard work. You have to resort to other measures.

Like Dry Cane, vermouth and ice. A glass or two of this at about midday sets you up nicely.

And prepares you for the everyday Caribbean delicacies such as lobster bisque, devilled mangoes and the rest which you know will be set before you yet again.

The trouble with Dry Cane, vermouth and ice is once you've begun the meal with it, you feel you'd like to end the meal with it.

And often do.

DRY CANE
WHITE RUM

PRIVATE MAIL

continued from page 33

could keep his hard-on. At the one I saw in Copenhagen, the guy couldn't get hard at all, and made his apologies and left. I would have thought that there would have been enough young kids in places like Amsterdam and Copenhagen for the theatre to hire a different couple every night, having a fortnightly rota. This way the performance would be a novelty for the performers and one might see some enthusiasm, even some creative fucking now and again! The trouble is in the attitude of the theatre owners. They are generally not interested in sex or voyeurism, simply in making money out of full theatres. The theatres are normally quite full because tourists want to go and see what a live show is like. Apparently, the typically Dutch audience always shouts, 'Rape her, rape her' and force a bit of action, but even then it is pretty feeble. I'm sure that good live shows will emerge when the whole concept becomes more commonplace. There are so many exhibitionists in the world and so many voyeurs, that it must happen soon. I'm not sure if I like screwing in front of other people or not. The biggest problem with it is that the men tend to show off, and fuck with huge 'he-men'-type drives, losing all their sensitivity and creativity in the process. I always think that the screwing at orgies is very boring for this reason – people are so selfconscious and stiff and say the right thing like 'beautiful cunt you've got' which gets right up my nose. The other thing wrong with them, for me anyway, is that I do like to know who's in me. A cock without an owner is like a dildo. Worse still, it could be a lady's finger! Ugh! What will probably surprise you about me is basically, I like snogging, I like parties when I'm snogging with someone I'm not supposed to be snogging with and nipping outside for a rapid poke. I know this is all very antisocial, and I'm definitely not one of the 'beautiful people' who stroke each other, love each other and smile when they're at it. I hate stroking, hate most people, fancy the most horrid guys (doctors are horrid) and when I'm fucking (as you know) I either laugh, screw up my face or else scream. I think that the best way to run a fuck show theatre would be to search the streets for good snoggers, dangle a twenty-pound note in their faces and tell them you've got a bed waiting for them round the corner. They'd come panting on to the stage, start fucking and slowly but surely notice the sounds of gasps from the audience. When they look back at the wings apprehensively, there's another twenty-pound note waving at them. No problem!

I hope this letter reaches you before your holiday, and I look forward to seeing your lovely bronzed body when we get together after your return.
Lots of love, Tuppy.

Dear Tuppy,

It was a pleasant surprise to receive your books which came yesterday. We are not allowed sex books in general, only magazines. Picture them decorating my cell – each page cut out and stuck on the wall. Very good right hand material: good visual stimulation. Without this one must rely on memory when one finds oneself exaggerating the smallest detail of pussy, the vaginal hole, the lips and labia. I'm afraid I can't sleep without my nightly wank.

Things are mundane and repetitious in here. After the terrifying first couple of weeks, it's just limbo. I work in the metal recovery shop splitting telephone cables, which does allow me to let off steam smashing the cables down on the bench to split open the lead. The screws seem as insecure as us and one never knows where one is with them. When an order is given, the officers are supposed to implement it, but when we prisoners refute their attempts the hierarchy often disown all knowledge of the original order – they feel so dejected!

I got some photos of my wife and kids today. Little Gemini is looking well. She's too young to understand. Such little things become really important in here.

Well, love, running out of space, regards to Ges. Maybe you'd consider visiting?
Buttons, HMP, Chelmsford.

Dear Buttons,

Glad you were able to make use of the books. Of course I'll come and see you – just send a VO for sometime next month. Please let me know what I can bring and whether they have gang bangs at visiting times or if it's all straight whispering through grilles. I've never been to a prison before and so it will all be new to me; I normally giggle in such situations, but I'll try not to piss you off. By the way, I don't really know what you're inside for, except that it must be some violent act that the law decided wasn't quite game. No doubt you'll tell me when I come. I've subscribed to Club International *for you so you'll get that regularly – it always has lots of beautiful girls and horny stories so you should find it acts as a good month's supply of sleeping pills!*

Looking forward to seeing you next month.
Lots of love and affection, Tuppy.
PS: Can I send you a blow-up doll to fuck?

Hello, Sweet Puss,

It's me, Lyle, your favourite travelling religious minstrel dwarf coming to you from Houston. I'm truly sorry, honey, it's taken me as long as it has to write, but when your letter arrived I was on tour spreading the word of the Lord in song and spreading myself mighty thin in bed. I was so excited after reading your letter that I immediately sat myself down and wrote the following ballad which I hope will be my next single:

Oh Lord, look down on your humble son,
Look down further still.
It's me, Lyle Pearson, your faithful slave
So shine down your grace on me.

Shine down, way down, your grace on me,
Shine down your grace on me.
For I've got eyes but I can't see
Above Miss Tuppy's knee

I look, I stare and still I can't see
So now I am forced to beg.
Sweet Lord, all I ask of You for me
Is three more inches of leg.

Above her knees there is a crack
Wherein Divine pleasure lies.
Oh Lord, fill me with that Heavenly yeast
And make my body rise.

Well, I search high but mainly low
For female love and affection.
But all I ever seem to get
Is a tropical venereal infection.

Oh, here's a girl so clean and pure
An Immaculate Conception,
I stand beneath her golden gates
With my fifteen inch erection.

I'm four foot three with a cock on me
That stretches to the Heavens.
Just take four inches off my prick
And make me four foot seven.

God, all my life my bouts with girls
All somehow seem to sour.
'Cos the only lovin', from where I stand,
Is nice, warm golden showers.

Oh Lord, just grant me three more inches
To reach Tuppy's hairy muff.
Oh Lord, with your world so wide
Three inches don't sound too tough.

I'm begging You on bended knees,
I'm right down here on the ground.
Oh Lord, just give me three more inches
To reach Miss Tuppy's muff.

The flip side will be an instrumental version of the same song and will be called *Gonna Build a Stepladder to Heaven.* I'm sending you a copy of the recent publicity they did for me. I was pretty proud of the attention I was receiving. It made me feel over five foot tall.

I want to thank you for those great pictures of yourself that you sent me. They were some of the horniest shots I've seen in a long time. If you have any more pictures of yourself around, I'd appreciate it if you'd send them my way. You really know how to make a little man feel big – in more ways than one, if you know what I mean. Those pictures were my inspiration for writing *Give Me Three More Inches* – not meaning to sell the Lord short (though I don't know why the hell not – He sold me short, didn't He?) – and I plan to have them with me in the recording studio when I cut the single. Hell, when I saw those pictures I felt funny all over – and I mean *all* over.

I'm not sure I understand why you want to publish my letters in *Club International.* What kind of magazine is *Club International*? I couldn't tell if it was a sex magazine or a religious magazine. But, like I've already said, sex and the Lord go hand in hand. In fact, I do a song called *I'll Take a Detour To Heaven By The Cathouse Tonight.* You say you want to know about the 'progress' with my sex life. What do you mean by 'progress'? I'm not a virgin, you know. Just because I'm small don't mean I ain't got balls. What kind of 'progress' are you talking about? Do you mean 'progress' with the use of sex in the Lord's eyes? If

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Mia

Photographed by Rupert Daines

Mama-mia, thought the delectable Mia Santana, something is sure cooking in the kitchen. It was a dynamite concoction of Roma's super-spaghetti, jumping around in the pot with some secret ingredient meatballs and a kind of grade A gravy that only a cordon-bleu chef would dare to put together. Mia thought, wow, that's the stuff for body! The real thing – her own man Pierre's marvellous spaghetti Roma recipe.

Mia knew there was something weird going on between Pierre and the kitchen. Sometimes it's almost an overt erotic kind of attachment, she thought. Then, being a ripe Italian lady, she stopped thinking about it. For Italian girls, especially when they are young and pretty like Mia, aren't supposed to think about such things. Still, there was something kooky about the way Pierre wiped those steaming drops of water from his big ceramic bowl before making the egg noodles – something sensuous, like the lingering way he

wiped her off after they'd got out of the shower together, patting her thighs and breasts attentively, carefully, lovingly, so as not to leave any stray droplets on her tanned skin. Pierre, a Frenchman, had once been apprenticed to a grand chef at a three-star hotel in Paris, before he bugged out and trailed her to the ends of the Italian boot, where he finally found her living a leisurely life on the shores of the Mediterranean. Now, their life-style together is a combination of two of the finer points of the French and Italian cultures – namely food and sex!

He's really a neat guy, Mia decided; a great lover and a good provider. Even though he had left the world of grand cuisine, he kept getting food mixed up with her. Ah, well. The spaghetti smelled luscious, and she really wasn't a jealous mistress . . .

Languid in the heat, Mia lapsed and dreamed of her childhood in Dalado, a village near Milan. Sunday afternoons in mama's sunny kitchen meant dinner with papa that evening – quite a special treat, for one saw him only once a week. Sundays with mama also meant plump ripe strawberries diving and rolling enthusiastically into great bowls of white, stiff whipped cream, well-formed raspberries at their side, leaping and splashing about joyously.

Even as a child Mia thought food was a truly sensuous delight, one of the nicer things in life. One of the reasons Pierre got so turned on to her (food fanatic that he is) was seeing her lovely lips tantalisingly curl around a brilliantly red, succulent tomato. She ate it so slowly and with such obvious pleasure that he thought, here must be a woman who enjoys eating – in bed as well as out. And, he has always been a good judge of character!

So just what could she say if Pierre seemed to drool over a dish now and again and re-read his favourite recipes rather than divine her fortune on the ringlets of her nipples? Mia thought it didn't seem to harm their more intimate life betwixt the sheets, where passion and flesh were moulded into a glorious oneness. But there had been one night that was especially difficult – the night a short time ago, just after Mia's twenty-first birthday. She had awoken after a dreamy bout of sex to find a sharp corner of a cookbook sticking into her ribs. She had felt a slight warning tingle. Nothing more than that . . . or was it?

At the time she had glanced over at Pierre, obliviously fast asleep, doubtless dreaming his gourmet dreams, of creating weird and wonderful dishes to enchant the tongue and the eye that beheld them. Someday, he'd just have to open his own restaurant, Mia decided.

Then, quite suddenly, Pierre had called out in the dark night; sighed and groaned out the name of his other, secret mistress . . .

"Spaghetti Roma . . ."

He repeated this over and over in his sleep, fading away into the playful seductive tone of a lover in complete harmony with his soul-partner.

Mia had thought quite a lot about that, at the time. She had left the bed, poured out a giant-sized glass of red wine, drunk it slowly, smiled, and gone back to bed, into the arms of Pierre and the wonderful fantasies of sleep. □

PRIVATE MAIL

continued from page 52

that's what you mean. I follow you, hot buns. Singing religious hymns isn't the only thing that's gotten me into God's good graces. He follows the 'progress' of my sex life with great interest and pleasure.

It was nice hearing from you again as always. Keep in touch, and remember, don't let your meat loaf.

Love ya', Lyle Pearson. (Texas).

Hello, Sweet Pricky,

What a darling boy you are to write the song about me. Do send a tape of it when it's been recorded, and I'll send off copies to all our local radio stations. I've never heard of an obscene gospel song before, but they have obscene rock songs and of course nothing is obscene in the eyes of 'God' since he was supposed to have created the whole caboodle.

I'm not going to tell you how tall I really am, because I don't want to completely smash your ego into the ground. Fortunately, you couldn't tell from the pictures since I was lying on the bed with my legs in the air. Glad you liked them. I thought they were pretty disgusting myself, but I'm not a cunt fan, and I find my own particularly gruesome. What I want to know is, can you reach the tip of your prick with your hands? This seemed to me to be the most crucial point about your anatomy. If not, of course this explains why you're praying so hard. Rumour has it that you live with a highly trained cat. Is that true?

In your last letter you said you were going to Mexico, and that's why I asked about your sexual progress, because I know how raunchy it is down there, and the girls must be quite a bit shorter than in Houston, being of Latin build. Do you find it awkward screwing normal-sized girls? Are you big enough to fuck them and suck tits at the same time? If so, it must be quite ideal. I've never had a midget myself, although I've had some pretty strange shapes in my time. Please write back and tell me about your sexual encounters: I know you're a randy little bastard so don't pretend you're not. Anyway, if you ever get hard up for a mate your size, there is a street walker who works along 14th Street in Washington who is shorter *than you. Honeysuckle Divine told me about her and was going to introduce us when I was there but it was a Sunday and Honeysuckle thought she'd be in church. Apparently she's got a big backside, but everything else about her is tiny, although I don't know about her cunt. Phone Honeysuckle if you're interested.*

Why don't you send me photos of some of your girlfriends – do you take pictures? Tell them that we need some pics of Texas girls for Club International, *because we heard that they are special. I was going to say big, because everything that comes from Texas is supposed to be big, but your world is cut off from your surroundings, isn't it? Except your cock.*

I'd quite like a picture of your cock, a small one because otherwise Ges will find it and suspect me of infidelity.

Take care and write soon.

Love, Tuppy.

Dear Tuppy,

I must explain to you about my activities with girls, because you are always accusing me of lesbianism, and the girls we make love with are quite normal. It's only when I approach them, kiss them and fondle them, of course they enjoy it, feel good and loved. For example, in April in Munich we have an antique fair called *Auer Dult*, where we have beer tents and merry-go-rounds etc. This year Leo and I went walking round looking at all the junk, and I heard him growl. This always means he's spotted a girl he fancies. She was about twenty-five and had a beautiful body, dressed in a flimsy 1930's outfit. However, she was with a guy, which makes it difficult, but she noticed us looking at her before she walked away. By chance, when we were drinking in the Fasanerie-Hof that evening, she came in, this time alone.

Leo is rather shy with girls, so I walked over to her and started talking. Luckily she spoke very good English and we all got on very well. After a couple of drinks I suggested we all went back to our place and she agreed. We took her straight on to our waterbed and she quickly relaxed so I started the feeling stage: held her hand, brushed her cheek, placed a kiss on her ear. As she guessed what was going on and made no objections, I calmly undid the front of her blouse and fondled her tits. She kept very passive and let us do everything. We took our tops off and cuddled her. While I was kissing her passionately, Leo undressed her completely, and then we too stripped right down.

We were lying side by side in the nude just feeling each other all over and kissing. My hand moved to her fanny, rubbing it gently and feeling its wetness. Leo lifted her leg and put his stiff prick into her now very juicy grotto. She was becoming quite active now – licking and sucking my tits, kneading them with her hands and moving over my tummy with her tongue towards my little man in the boat. When she reached it she certainly knew what to do with it, licking, sucking and biting so she had me in ecstasy. Then Leo was working away at her and his labour (as he always calls it in German) soon bore fruit: she stiffened, trembled, moaned and yelled with her first orgasm, and all this violence of her mouth brought me to climax, too. Only Leo held back, something he's very good at because he loves to fuck for hours but knows he can only come two or three times at the most.

Aren't we girls lucky for being able to achieve countless orgasms in one night without tiring? Anyway, after our first high, Doris (the girl's name) got into a sixty-nine position with me, her pink fanny hanging hungrily just above my mouth, with Leo's prick entering her and his balls looking as if they were about to burst. Then he put his prick into her mouth and I could see her fanny opening and closing spasmodically as though she was breathing through it. Then it was in her cunt again, and Leo was grabbing her arse as if he would split her. Then I saw his balls contract and his thrusts become staccato and his prick pulsated as he shot. She stayed there, letting his and her own love juice drip into my mouth.

Afterwards it was a marvellous feeling of being together, having shared and lost ourselves to each other without any bad feelings at all. Only towards the morning did we fall asleep in each other's arms.

Now you see what you missed out on when you visited us – next time perhaps you will muster up more courage!

Love and lots of kisses. Saida. (Munich).

Dearest Saida,

I'm still negotiating my Munich business deal, so I may be back soon. I can't help feeling that I'm never going to make love with you and your dear husband – that same strange feeling came over me when I read your description of your evening with Doris as I experienced when I *was the female visitor to your delightful apartment. It was a feeling of non-identification with your loving tenderness. I think if I ever had a girl she would have to be a cat-like creature who would pounce, putting her finger right up me and ripping my clothes off. There has to be tension in the air for me to feel sexual. Maybe it's all this pornography that has made it necessary for me to get off on gross and obscene situations, but I can't remember being any different. I can't bear the stroking and soft kisses that are the hors d'oeuvres of your lovemaking. I thought Leo was absolutely gorgeous – very big and strong and sexy, and I guess I could have got into him, although he too shares your ultra-affectionate manner. What we'll have to do is to arrange a gathering of my sort of people (if you can stand them) and yours – to see if we can't get so lusty in the room together that we reach each other without falling out over the preambles! I wonder if normal people plan their sexual excapades with such pre-thought?*

See you soon, hopefully.

Love to the kiddiwinkles and Leo, Tuppy.

Dear Tuppy,

As you can see from the postmark, I'm in Washington. I got arrested in Philadelphia and quit doing my 'Honeysuckle' act. I took off my wig and now appear with my own hair go-go dancing under the name of Francine. So things are rather unsettled but I just cool it and in time everything will work out.

I can hardly wait for you to come. We can take some really interesting candid shots of you showing your puss in front of the White House, etc. We can literally *desecrate* all the national shrines when you arrive! Washington DC is my favourite city to live in. Philadelphia, 'the city of brotherly love', is my second favourite. Do you know of any place in your travels in Europe where I could buy a 3½" dildo? It must be soft, feeling like real skin, yet *bone hard*. I've been trying to get one here the same size as Peter's cock, but they don't make them that little here. My puss used to be real big when I was screwing well-hung farm boys back in Iowa, but, after I came East, I started meeting more of a variety of men with smaller cocks, and now I'm madly in love with Peter's small cock. I doubt if I'll ever want a big one again, especially as my puss has shrunk after not screwing big cocks and I *certainly* don't want it to stretch

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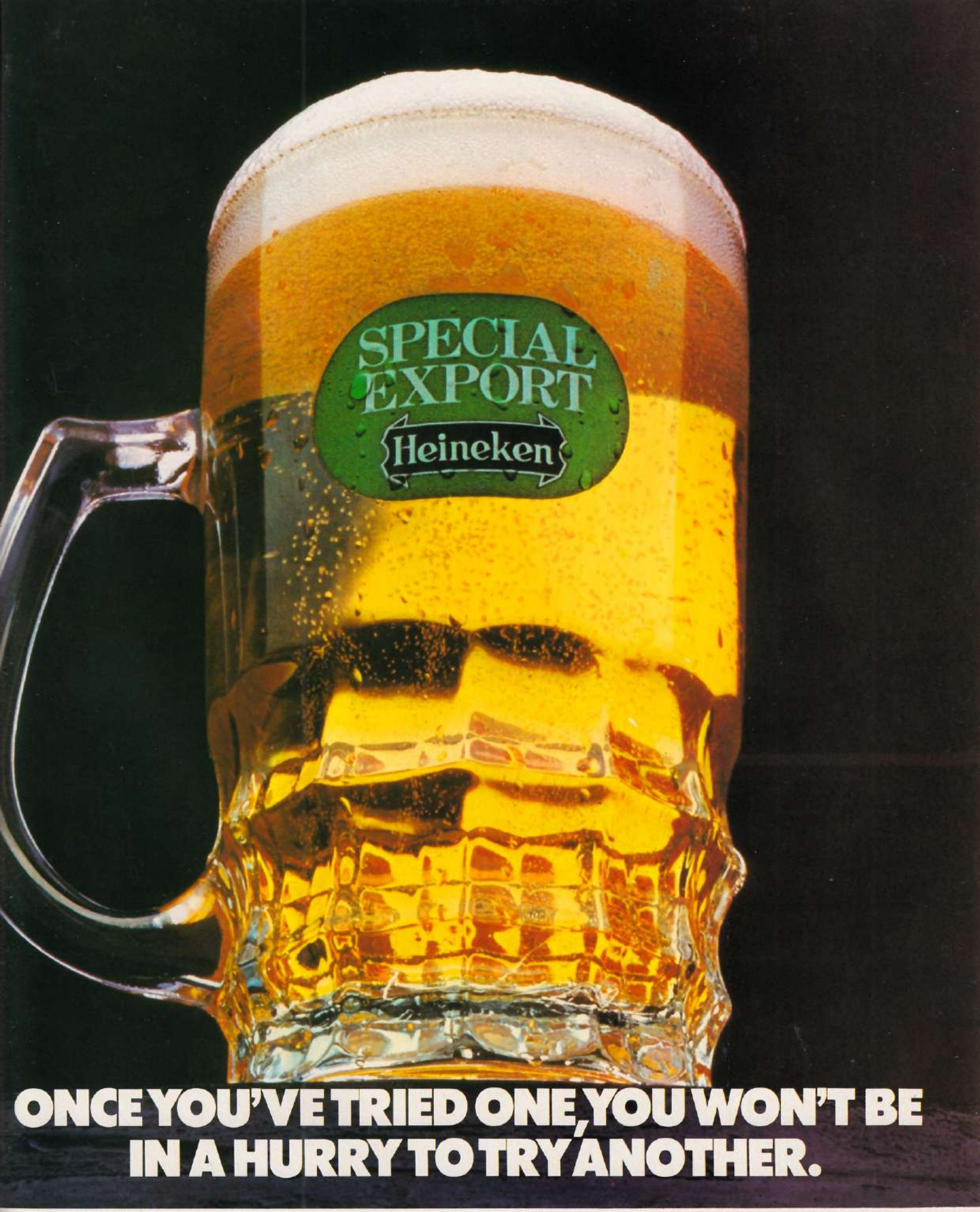

ONCE YOU'VE TRIED ONE, YOU WON'T BE IN A HURRY TO TRY ANOTHER.

One sip of Heineken Special Export is enough to put the brake on anyone's drinking habits.

Since it's brewed for five times longer than most beers it naturally develops more flavour.

So to down it in one (or even two or three) is to do it a great disservice.

Sip it slowly. Like Chateau Margaux '59.

And if you don't have time for a second, what does it matter?

You'll get more out of one pint of Special Export than you would out of two of your usual.

SLOW-BREWED
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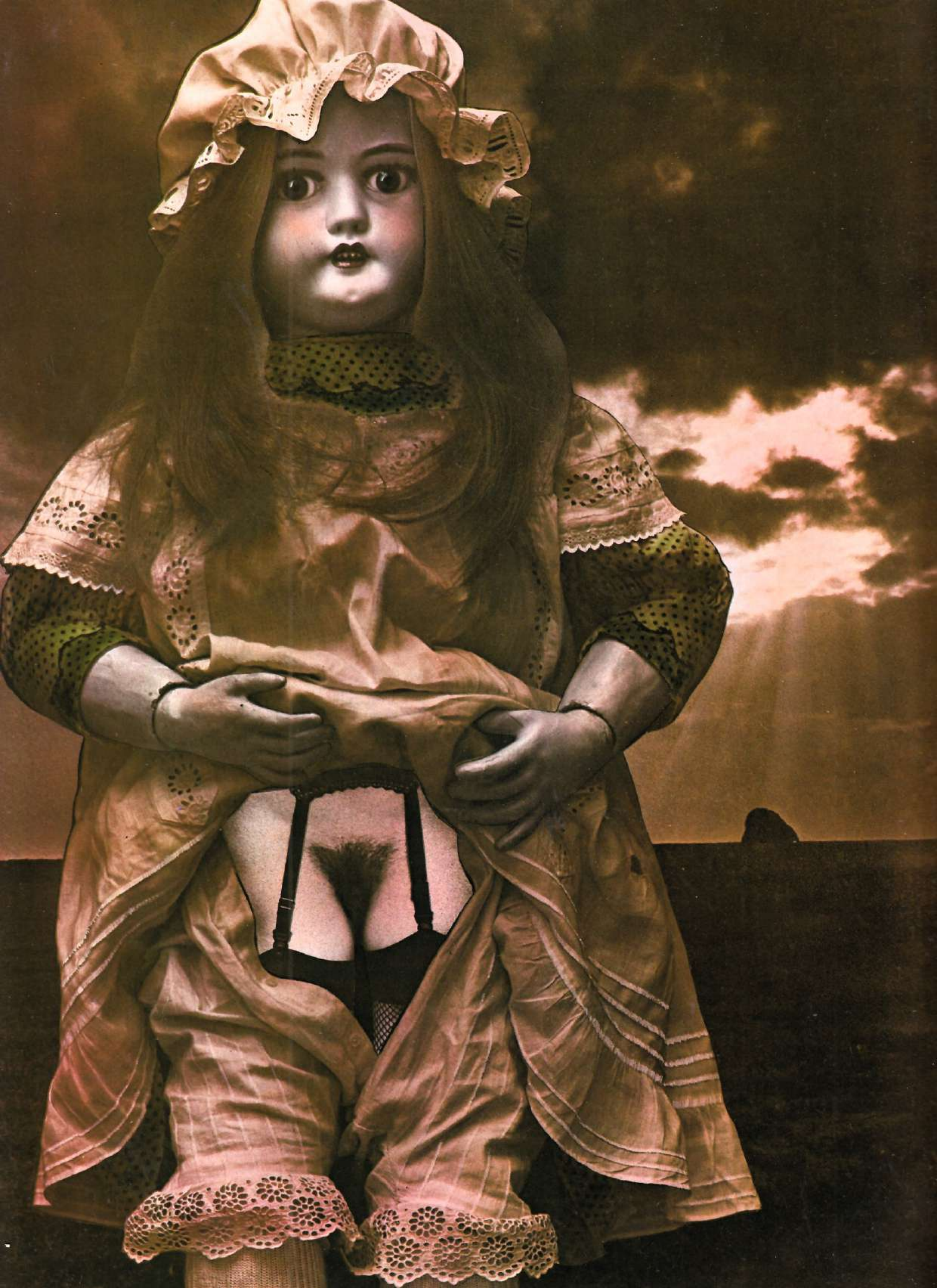


SHOW OFF!

Feature by Mark Royston with an illustration by Bob Carlos Clarke

There is certainly something of the exhibitionist in all of us – but it's a matter of degree, as this article shows.

Exhibitionism is an understandable human trait because the urge to display something which is thought to be beautiful or admirable (not necessarily the same) is a natural enough compulsion; furthermore, exhibitionism is seen as a means of gaining recognition, and this, like most other patterns of human behaviour, has its roots in childhood, when the infant is not satisfied unless he, and more particularly *she*, is the focus of admiring attention. In its social manifestations, exhibitionism is simply regarded as 'big-headedness' or 'showing off' and is usually tolerated without much censure apart from a few caustic comments, but in the sexual sphere a 'show-off' – especially a male 'flasher' – can get into serious trouble with authority and soon hear the word 'degenerate' bandied about. But there is a harsh anomaly here, for female exhibitionists do not attract anywhere near the amount of vindictive vituperation, mockery and contempt that is showered upon male practitioners of the expositive arts. Why is this? We hear enough – far too much – about equal rights for women; it is high time that a movement was launched to fight for comparable rights for men: Flashers of the World Unite!

Except for the pop scene, or the beach, there is little opportunity for the randy male to realise his desire to display his body sexually in public, yet the sexy female has been allowed to flaunt her goodies for centuries, and today can get away with almost anything. High fashion and, in recent years, female apparel in general, has, in most parts of the world apart from the Orient, long been closely linked with exhibitionism, the accent moving from one part of the anatomy to another according to the dictates of couturiers, admen and passing fads. Just consider the brassière business for a while. What small pretence there ever might have been that the brassière is anything but a delightfully sexy device designed to emphasise and exaggerate the breasts has now been thrown out of the window. No more do the ad-men try to stuff us up with hypocritical guff concerning 'healthy support'; we now get it straight between the eyes: 'stunning cleavage', 'breathtaking separation', 'fantastic uplift and prominence', 'scandalous brevity' etc; and not even the most gullible and naïve would be gormless enough to suggest that 'quarter-cups', 'peepholes', 'slings' and 'cradles' are anything but crafty contrivances designed to thrust out the breasts while leaving the nipples fully exposed so that their contours and shadowy outlines can dimple out tight-fitting sweaters and be glimpsed maddeningly through semi-transparent blouses. They are one hundred per cent exhibitionistic both in intent and function; so are bum-hugging jeans and hot pants, high-heeled footwear, waist-cinchers, see-through knickers, low-cut evening gowns and scores of other items of female attire; and just consider how many girls – and mature women – flaunt their bodies in public by the way they walk, sit and posture.

But it is in the context of 'show-biz', and the strip club in particular, that female exhibitionists can indulge their craving for self-display to the limit, and in conditions where the rabid male voyeur is just as powerless to get to grips with and taste her fleshly goodies as was Tantalus, son of Zeus in Greek mythology, unable to drink and eat – even though tortured by hunger and thirst, and condemned to stand up to his chin in a lake of fresh water surrounded by trees laden with delicious fruits. It is from Tantalus, of course, that we get the verb to tantalise, which is synonymous with torment and tease. Female exhibitionists are, above all else, teases, and the very term 'strip-tease' gives a clear indication of what the business is all about. Teasing is unquestionably a mild – sometimes not so mild! – form of sadism (and voyeurism frequently an expression of masochism).

The lush girl who arrogantly postures on stage, squeezing her breasts, plucking at her nipples and grinding the quivering cheeks of her thrust-out bottom, is in effect proclaiming the fact that she is beautiful, desirable and infinitely *superior* to the heavily breathing males who are avidly following her every movement and facial expression, filled with a lust for her body that cannot be assuaged except in fantasy and by masturbation; and is this not an almost exact parallel of the archetypal Mistress/slave relationship between the dominant female and the submissive male?

Most men are masochists to some degree, and thoroughly relish being teased – or *tormented.* Any punter knows full well on entering a strip club that he is going to be tantalised by strutting, posturing girls, who will do everything the law allows to inflame his libido. He also knows that the only chance he'll get of working off his tension on the premises will be a solo hand-job in some graffiti ridden bog, where the feverish passion of the inscriptions bears silent testimony to the bitter-sweet frustrations of the club's clients and to the effectiveness of its female employees; in fact any club manager wishing to keep tabs on the relative PTI (Prick-Tease Index) of his 'artistes' can hardly do better than conduct a weekly inspection of his lavatory walls, which should be painted over at monthly intervals to facilitate the sounding out of current opinion by the isolation and analysis of all recently inscribed messages. This method discloses a gut reaction to the entertainment provided which is a more honest and accurate indication of public taste than any other form of the written word – theatre critics, note!

The girl who exhibits herself in a public place certainly appears to run more risk of being physically molested than a strip club performer, but she gets away with it in all but about one case in a thousand, because the average male's dread of the possibility of an ugly scene if he attempts to cash in on the situation serves as a highly effective protection for the female exhibitionist, who has earned herself a bad reputation for getting men into trouble; and not without justification, for in the majority of cases when a direct physical approach *is* made, the girl indignantly denies everything, and the man is left feeling terribly ashamed at best, and, at worst, in dire trouble. This type of behaviour is another example of the sadistic element which underlies nearly all female exhibitionism; and our contention regarding this is even more clearly evidenced by the remarks of two girls who, during the 1960's, were very popular photographic models, and posed for one of the largest of the organisations that specialised in the production of high quality nude and 'glamour' studies. We will call them Helen and Mary. Helen was renowned for her hour-glass figure, balloon-like breasts and aristocratic countenance, while Mary, a slim, pert creature, drove men berserk with the splendour of her bottom, which, markedly steatopygous, burgeoned with a mind-blowing improbability from her otherwise slender frame.

These ladies were admirably forthright in their observations. In the 1960's it was illegal to portray the pubic hair, let alone any suggestion of labia or a division, yet they succeeded in producing some extremely erotic photographs which implied a whole lot more than they actually depicted.

"Any man who goes for high heels, black stockings and suspenders is a masochist at heart; and that means *most* men," said Helen, and Mary nodded her agreement. The pictures which had by far the biggest sale were those in which the model emphasised her 'superiority', and both girls maintained fervently that to get the right facial expression was very important to the success of a study.

"Obviously, a lot rests with the man behind the camera," said Helen, "but even the best photographer in the world could not get a really sexy picture from an unco-operative model; whereas the model who is a true exhibitionist and something of a sadist will put her message across no matter how inexperienced the lensman, provided he gets the exposure and focus right and remembers to click the shutter."

"Absolutely true," chimed in Mary. "Models who are just in it for the money are next door to useless sexwise. It doesn't matter how good a girl's face and figure, if the *feeling's* not there, the picture will be dead. You see tens of thousands of pictures like that: girls with super bodies and attractive faces just gawping at the camera with vacant eyes – no spark at all. Apart from my bum, my body's nothing sensational, but I know how to make the most of it. When I was posing, I used to rub up my nipples, pull in my belly, stick out my behind, look over my shoulder at the camera and think: 'Get a load of that arse, you wretched slaves! You'll be so overwhelmed by its power that you'll willingly fork out five bob a time just for post-card-size prints of it, and you'll no doubt jerk yourselves off as you drool over its stunning size and magnificence. What pathetic fools you are!' You know, I often used to come off during a photographic session, just from thinking along those lines: amazing the power of thought!"

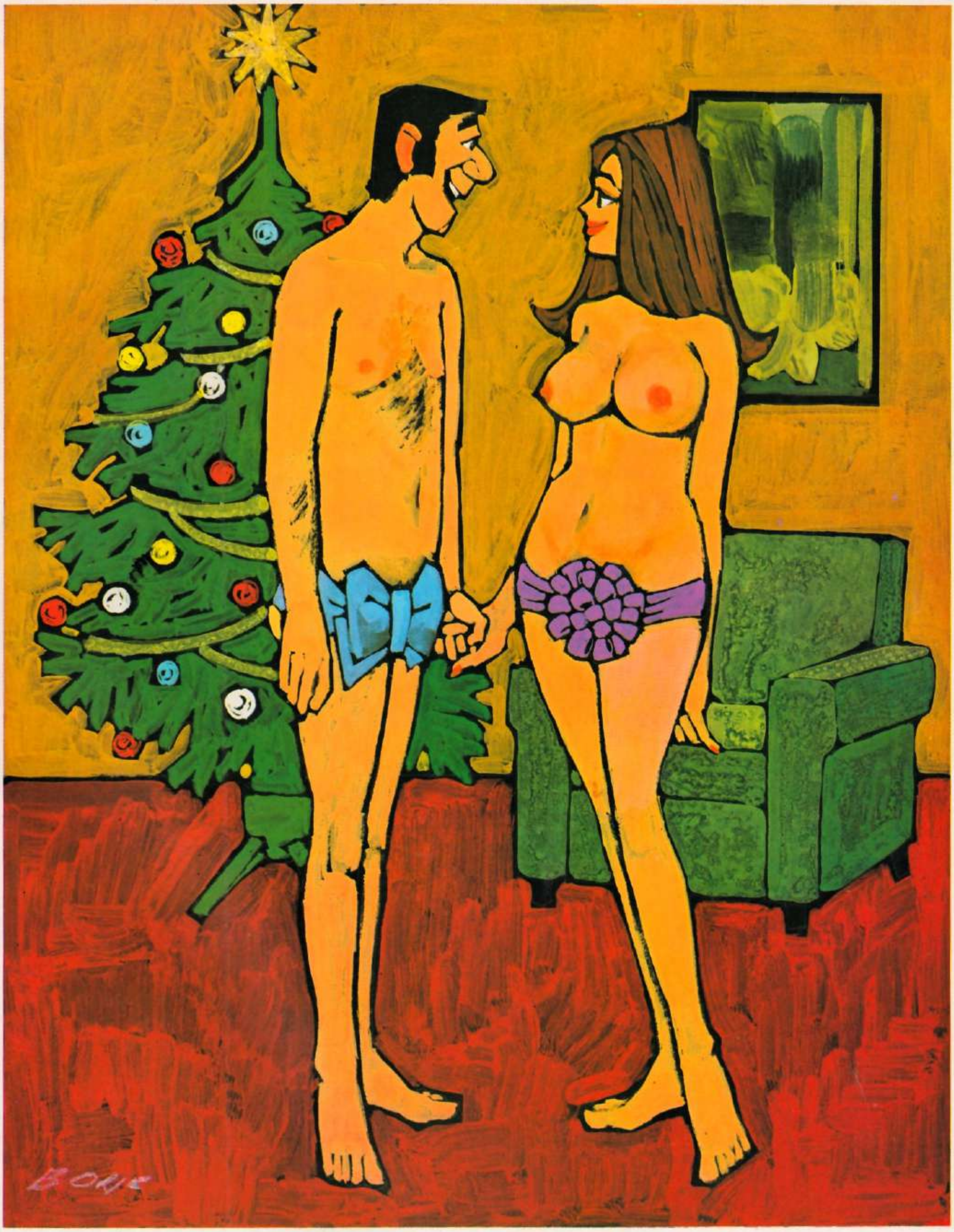
Helen, who continued to model well into the more permissive 1970's, added that a cruel curl of the mouth, bared teeth and flared nostrils are still just as vital to the success and impact of a photograph as gaping labia and a tumescent clitoris. She said, "I've often been told I look much too aristocratic to be mixed up with nude modelling, but it really is the most enormous asset. I'm convinced that the refinement of my features and the supercilious expressions I put on have been just as much responsible for the big sale of my pictures as my 41-24-39 figure."

While somewhat hesitant about challenging the opinion of one so expert – and imperious – we felt obliged to put the male customer's point of view, and suggested that the real power of Helen as a model lay in the devastating *combination* of face and figure: the fact that such an obviously well-bred and refined person *was* so shamelessly exhibiting herself. The appeal of paradox and contrast is manifest throughout the entire spectrum of sexuality.

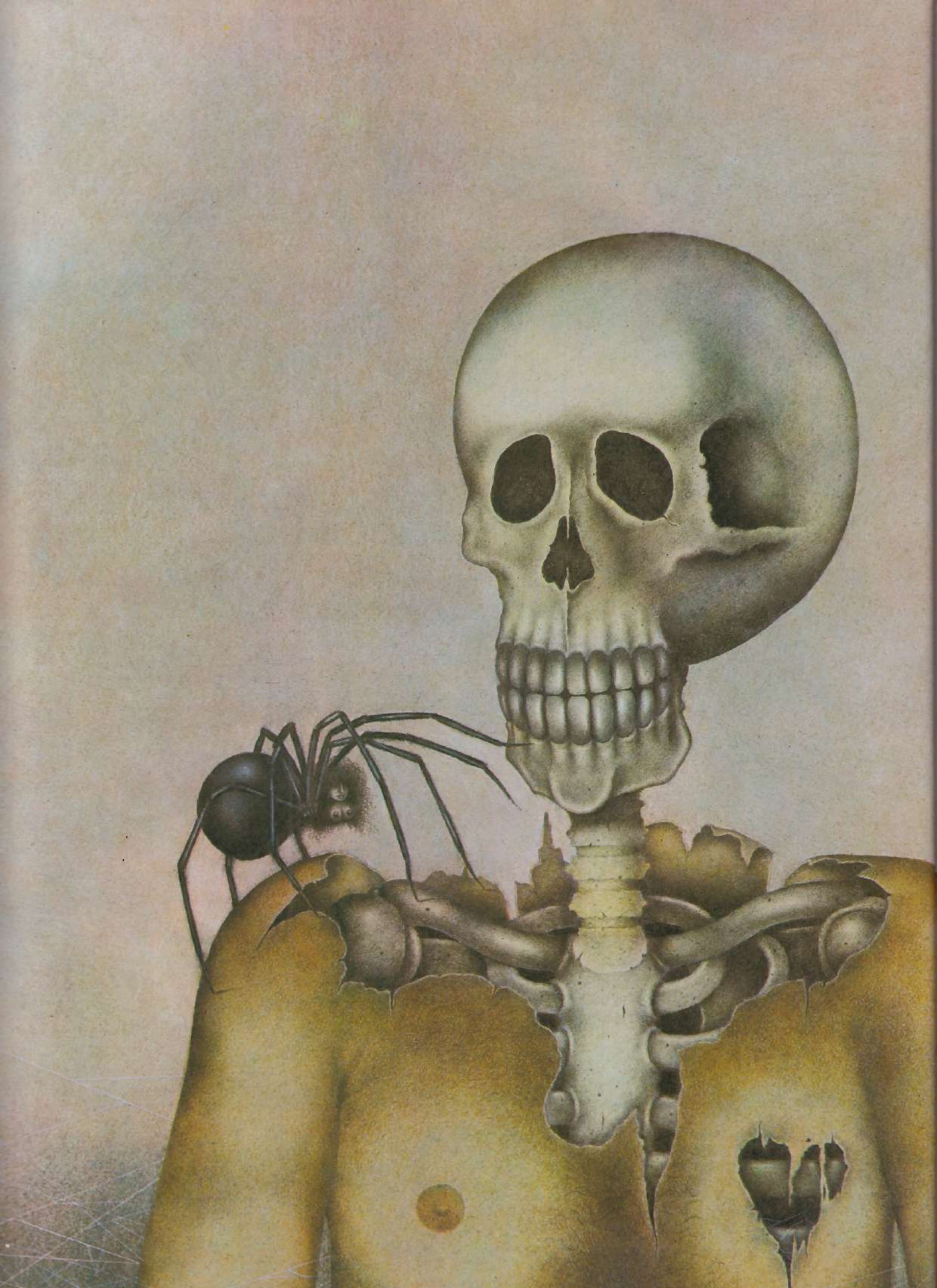
Having taken a brief look at prick-teasers in public places, strip club artistes and photographic models, we will now turn our attention to the ultimate expression of female exhibitionism as represented by performers in the 'bizarre' and 'live sex' displays on the Continent of Europe.

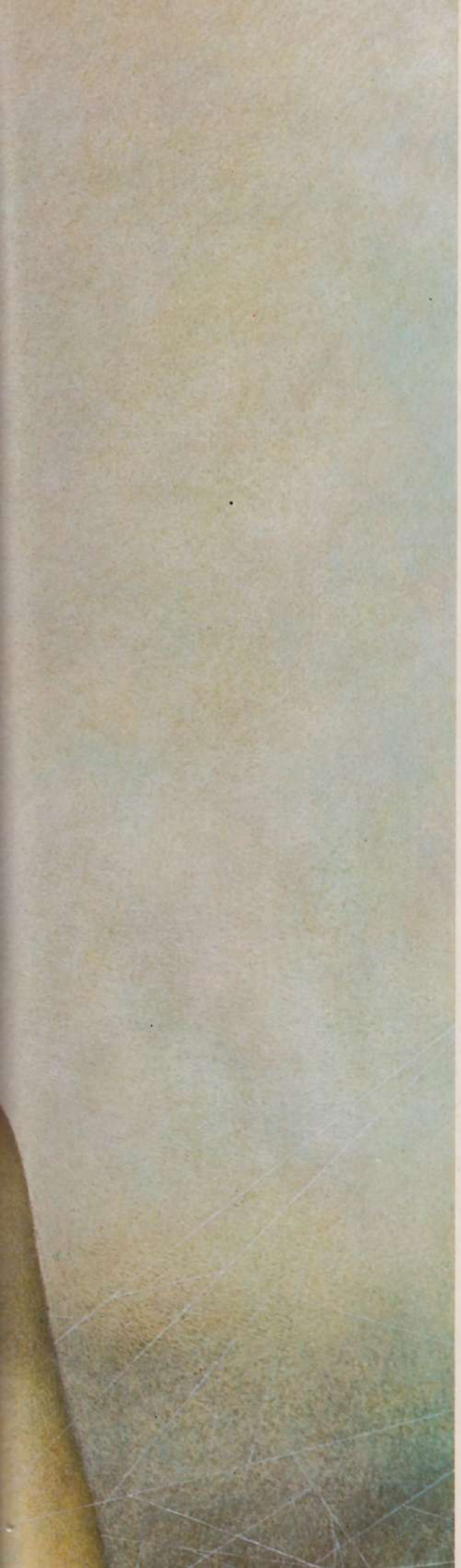
We encountered an extraordinary manifestation of hypermammilliary exhibitionism in Hamburg, where a girl with fantastic, pendulous, cone-shaped breasts, surmounted by two-inch long teats, multi-pierced and tied around with velvet ribbons, had the rings in her nipples linked to leather wristlets by lengths of fine gold chain, so that each calculated and seductive movement of her arms resulted in a corresponding change of position in her breasts. We found the most remarkable and strangely erotic feature of this altogether astounding act was the totally independent movement of her breasts in relation to one another. When one arm was raised and the other lowered, a distance of up to thirty inches appeared to separate her nipples, and at least two-thirds of the space was accounted for by a difference in height! Featured in this same show were two girls who had had their outer labia pierced and ringed in three places on either side. A series of slender chains, passing through the rings and secured to D-loops in a harness of black leather straps, held each girl's vulva wide agape to display all the inner lusciousness of her body. Both girls had amazing control over certain crucial muscles, and were able, at will, rhythmically to open and close their inner labia, not only in phase – sometimes out of phase, for the sake of variation! – with one another, but in strict time to hard rock played at diaphragm-pounding volume over the Telefunken hi-fi set-up. The girls were mounted, splay-thighed, upon a pair of specially contoured, leather-upholstered, tubular metal trestles, and had brilliant spotlights trained upon their yawning vitals, whose permanently chained-open condition left hands free to pluck at nipples, caress breasts, bellies and thighs, and gesticulate in the most lewdly suggestive manner imaginable. Had we not later that week been invited to an audience participation 'Spunking Special' at a Dutch sex club, we might well have continued to regard that Hamburg presentation as the Ultima Thule of female exhibitionism; but in Amsterdam, a lushly beautiful, Junoesque woman, apparently in her early thirties, and stark naked apart from black leather thigh-boots and a black velvet choker, beat everything else we have witnessed.

For openers (in every sense of the word) her vaginal and rectal amplitudes were both nothing short of stupefying, and we watched bemused as assorted, roughly cylindrical objects of ever-increasing length and girth disappeared as though by magic inside her luscious, squirming body. But her tracheal capacity was even more fantastic, for not only was she able to accommodate a man's fully erect penis to the hilt, she could – and did before our very eyes – orally engulf his entire scrotum as well; her nimble, probing, poking fingers feeding first one testicle, then the other between grotesquely straining lips and into her oral cavity. Justifiably proud of this prodigious accomplishment, which seemed to us at the time to rival the feats of fairground sword-swallowers and fire-eaters, and patently on full heat judging by her saturated between-thigh condition, she valiantly offered to englut the entire sexual equipment of any man in the audience: 'the bigger the better', according to the translation hoarsely whispered into our ear; and proceeded to do just that to a succession of awesomely proportioned members, accompanied by balls reminiscent of nothing so much as two-thirds of a pawnbroker's sign. There were rumours that she was of noble birth – the old, old story – but she was billed simply as 'Miss Show-off': a good enough name in view of what she did, although the show, in all other respects, was most decidedly 'on'! □



"Shall we open our Christmas presents now?"





TUNNELS

By William McInerny with illustration by Wayne Anderson

He wore the mask of Janus as he watched her under New Year lights – for she held the key to past and future . . .

He did know, as he stood before midnight in the snowfall and lights of Leicester Square, that he had to have her. This thought possessed him immediately. She was wearing black boots with a black coat and white fur; the scarf around her head shielded blonde hair. She was not a whore – she was class – but she really was odd. Her hands in her pockets, arms hugging her body, she stamped on the pavement to warm herself. It was New Year's Eve, she looked awfully lonely, and he knew he could have her for free. This certainty was encouraged when she glanced at him.

Perhaps he should speak to her. But what could he say? He didn't really know as he leaned against the wall, very conscious of the fever in his loins. He had just come from a pub where he had drunk five whiskies and pondered the empty night ahead. Now, as he stood there, staring through the falling snow, he sensed that liberation was at hand. He would not greet the New Year alone.

She looked at him. He flushed. The neon lights flickered crazily. He felt briefly hurled out of himself, pierced through by her eyes. They were green eyes, cats' eyes, enigmatic and remote, reflecting light from the lamp shining over her. He saw the trembling of her pale-painted lips.

"Excuse me, but I . . ."

His right hand went up, clawing through the iced air, as he stepped forward muttering the words. It was a nervous, idiotic thing to do. She gasped, stepped back, shivering into herself, and jerked her head around, looking helpless. He froze where he was, cursing his stupidity, but enslaved by the lust rising up in him. It was ridiculous: he felt almost like a juvenile – unreal and uncontrolled in his desires. And turned slightly away from him, her body was outlined against the rainbow-coloured cavalcade of bright lights. He saw the firm breasts, the curve of the calves, the upturned and exquisite profile. And he was crudely and senselessly in need of her.

"Please, Miss, I . . ."

She went calm then, and turned back to face him, a smile on her luminous pale lips. He stood there, silent, unblinking, transfixed by her beauty. And she knew, and smiled again, and licked her lips with a pink tongue, and then turned and very slowly walked away.

Suddenly, he was frightened.

He didn't know why – it just came out of nowhere to shatter his half-drunken senses. He blinked, glanced around him, saw the wind swirling snow, and felt swiftly dispossessed from himself. *I am frightened*, he thought. *I am terrified*. But it didn't make sense. He saw only her back in the black fur-lined coat, saw the slow sway of hypnotic hips. She was walking away, past the drunks and the policemen, disappearing into neon-flecked night. And he panicked and started forward, determined to follow her, thinking neither of reasons nor consequence. He simply had to possess her at any cost.

He knew her, of course – he was now certain of that – he saw her face floating in a fevered past. And he pushed through the snow, through the celebrating crowds, trying desperately to piece it together. Her face. Her face floating before him, remote and inviting, hair tousled. Somewhere her body, unwinding and naked, coiled back, legs apart, to accept him. He saw the taut nipples, the sweat on her loins, the tongue licking lips under closed eyes. She was arched up and writhing, her flesh flowed around him, and he burned in the furnace of her threshing limbs. He knew her. He had owned her. He must have her again.

It was lunacy.

He stopped, feeling breathless and demented, relieved beyond reason. She was standing by the steps to the tube, holding on to the railing. The relief washed over him, sent hope winging outward, then slapped it back into his face. He shivered, and felt his heart pounding; the dread rippled through him.

She was not alone. She was talking to someone. Her head was thrown back as she chuckled. And this sound, so melodious, so deep-throated, so sensual, cut into his spirit like a knife. He loathed the complicity in her smile.

The shock deepened on sight of her partner. The man was a tramp, filthy, dishevelled, a stooped, gaberdined, one-eyed lout. His face was a hideous quiltwork of scars at the centre of which was the stitched socket. His lips were twisted down in the most salacious of leers as one grubby hand constantly touched her. He was pressing against her, indecently intimate, and she was leaning forward to hear him. Unbelievably, they seemed to know each other.

He stood there watching them, outraged and choked, not wanting to accept what his eyes revealed. The tramp's hand touched her, travelled lightly down her coat front, and even as revulsion swept through him he felt that it was his hand, that he stood there where the tramp stood, that they were in a darkened room, that she stood quiet before him, naked, intoxicating, her green eyes reflecting ambiguity. He touched her breast. The nipple sprang taut to his sweaty palm. He cupped it, crushed it, saw her tongue lick her lips, felt the rush of desire to his groin. Then he blinked. He saw the tramp. He saw the hideous stitched socket. He was shaken to realise that he still stood in the snow in the gaudy lights near Leicester Square tube. And he was hot and claustrophobic and dizzy; his loins were on fire.

Now she turned her head and looked straight at him. He flushed but couldn't tear his eyes away. He saw her face clearly, the pale, hollowed cheeks, the green eyes and strangely enigmatic lips. Then, very slowly, and with the most obvious calculation, she smiled and turned back to the tramp. Their heads came together. She whispered. The tramp stared at him. Then the pair of them chuckled quite mockingly.

They were obviously talking about him.

It shamed him and filled him with rage, actually started him trembling. He wanted to walk over and smash the tramp down, to grind his contempt through the pavement. But something held him back, some fear of the unknown that washed over him and froze him where he stood. It was inexplicable but potent: it could not be denied. And so he just stood there, listening to their chuckling, humiliated and terrified all at once.

He no longer remembered who he was.

The girl turned her head. Her eyes locked with his. He was drawn into the green depths, hypnotised and enslaved, sucked in and cast adrift in a swimming void. She was smiling. He sensed that. It was a cold smile of triumph. He had seen it before when she was spreadeagled beneath him, hair rampant on the pillow, flesh sweat-streaked. He saw the smile then, with the lips moist and open, devouring his tongue, her loins teasing him. It was sex as he had not before known it, complete, all-consuming. It was two animals locked in an orgiastic rite that would see only one of them surviving. A black widow spider, the arched pumping limbs, the slow aching sibilance of hot breath. He panted and groaned and was shorn of his will: she devoured him.

And it was lunacy; it had never really happened.

He was shocked, bewildered, and he stood on the pavement, in the night, in the snow, staring past the milling people, trying to focus. It wasn't real. It couldn't be real. He had really never seen her before. Yet each time he looked at her he seemed to see her naked, beneath him, beside him, above him, in the dark, in the closed walls of a room, in reflecting gloom. And seeing it, remembering it, imagining it vividly, he wanted her all the more, he had to have her.

It was madness. It could be nothing else.

The tramp looked, and leered, and disappeared; the girl stood there alone. He panicked. She was staring straight at him. She was obviously challenging him to approach her and speak, but he just couldn't work up the nerve. Slowly, she smiled. The mockery was lacerating. Then she turned and vanished down the tube steps.

He was jolted into action by this unexpected flight, and he followed her without thinking twice. Down below, in the immense, circled cavern of the station, it was crowded. The white light on glass reflected through the smoky air; there was much laughing, singing and jostling. He stood by the steps, desperately looking around him, then he moved through the throng, trying to find her. His panic deepened when he realised she had vanished.

Her image inflamed him: she swam through his thoughts in variations of blind lust and hatred. She straddled his body, her knees at his ribs, while he threshed in neck, the smooth curve of the breasts, the sweat flowing down tanned flesh to pubic fresh torment beneath her. He saw the pale hair. He saw the pink tongue, the long blonde hair dishevelled, the slow swaying rhythm of pumping loins. He lay there, imprisoned, in the gloom revealing closed walls, groaning out in his anguish and ecstasy. He was throbbing inside her, he was buried in her cunt, and the spasms jolted through him and smashed him.

He came back to earth when he saw her.

She was standing behind the gates, still lovely and remote, just waiting at the top of the escalator. She had taken off her scarf and the golden blonde hair was tumbling down over her shoulders. Behind her was a door, faint light on a bed, sheets pulled back as if in preparation. He gulped, blinked his eyes, saw the station swimming back, then bought a ticket and rushed through the gate. When he reached the escalator she was gone.

He saw her halfway down, dwindling rapidly. He breathed deeply, fought his terror, and followed her.

Now it was strange, very strange.

The curved walls of the tube, coloured posters slipping past, his hand on the rubber vibrating. The lights from the high roof reflected from the steel steps that clattered and shook beneath his feet. It was the only sound he heard at this point. And he was still moving down when he realised he was alone, that the celebrating crowds had disappeared. Where had they gone? Why this sudden silence? Was he dreaming or going insane? Then he glanced down, saw the girl far below, and the cold touch of dread shivered through him.

She had just reached the bottom and was stepping off the stairs when the foul-looking tramp materialised. He took hold of her hand, then they both turned around and stared up the escalator at him.

He was terrified, petrified, wanting to retreat but carried on against his will by the moving stairs. And yet even through his fear and his reluctance to embrace them was the knowledge that he still must possess her. This fought against his terror, forced the blood to his head, made him dizzy and bewildered and sick. It didn't make sense; nothing did. And the tramp, coming closer, was a hideous apparition, the one eye glaring over a malevolent grin.

Yet even the revulsion that this filled him with could not distract him from his lust for the woman. She stood just behind the tramp, her satanic protector, with one thinly veined hand on his shoulder. Then she smiled, walked away and disappeared round a corner as the escalator brought him to the bottom.

"Please, I . . ."

His right hand went up, clawing through the iced air, as he stumbled off the stairs towards the tramp. The one eye beside the stitched socket gleamed bright above the leer around black broken teeth in a soundless grin. He gasped and looked away, felt the heaving of his stomach, then a fist pounded into his face. His head exploded. He reeled against the wall. When he recovered, he blinked but couldn't open his left eye: it was swollen and throbbing painfully. Half-blind and panic-stricken, he glanced around him, but the tramp had now gone. He breathed deeply and thought of the girl. But she had gone, too.

He was alone. The station was deserted.

Blind in one eye, he gazed out of the other at bleak walls rising up through fogged air. The sound of his breathing seemed to echo in the vacuum; he could feel, and almost hear, his heart pounding. It was a nightmare, a shadowed dream, confusion. He didn't know who he was, where he was, what to do; he only knew he had to follow the girl. He saw her stretched thighs, the deep indrawing spiral, the dark tufted hair, the smooth loins. He sweated and kneeled down like a penitent; her hands gripped his head. He leaned forward, saw milky thighs, darkness; his body was burning. She laughed. It echoed and ricocheted around him, hammering at his ears. Then he blinked his one eye, slowly opened it again, and walked along until he came to the platform.

A dark tunnel loomed at each end.

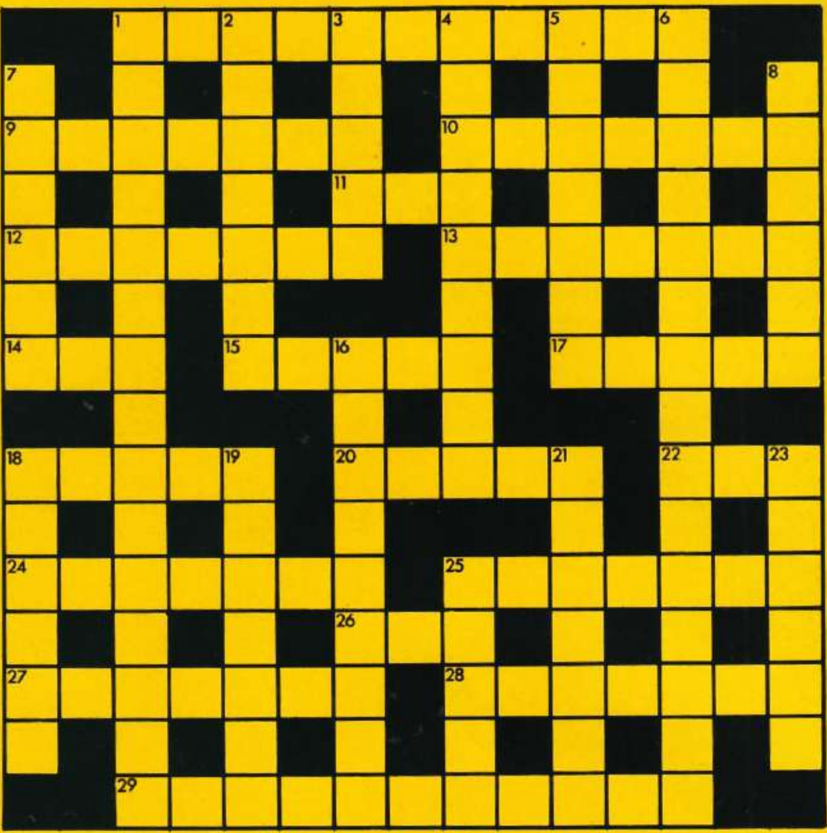
And the girl stood before him with her green eyes now blazing in some sulphurous harbour of lunacy. And the malevolent tramp stood beside her.

The silence screamed.

He tried not to hear it. He looked directly at the girl, at the hatred in her eyes, and he knew that his body belonged to her. Somewhere in this silence that spoke of the infinite was the hint of a past that was gone. He stood in the future looking back on the present as the sound of the bells announced the New Year. He trembled and spasms

THE
CLUB INTERNATIONAL

EXWORD



Across

1. A sexual stimulant? 'Oh Crap,' I said! *(11)*

9. The part I've got exposed for a soldier. *(7)*

10. Date I've got to try sexual variation? *(7)*

11. Flasher's third person. *(3)*

12. I let ten have the right – to do their thing? *(7)*

13. Cries 'No good' shortly inside and cowers. *(7)*

14. Making a meal of it in Heather. *(3)*

15. The enemy is about in the Middle East. *(5)*

17. Oriental ride around will get you down – Duck! *(5)*

18. Stifle urban desires and find a French flower. *(5)*

20. Lovers' appointment in a country stable? *(5)*

22. Can be used by a nude dancer – to cool off? *(3)*

24. Still baffled after explanation? In worse trouble! *(2, 5)*

25. Take it out of a sex tractarian. *(7)*

26. Sounds as if she doesn't get any – either way! *(3)*

27. They deplore Leila's wiles in Germany, when it reveals that she lured sailors to destruction. *(7)*

28. She fleeces her clients in a clip joint? Hers are anyway *(7)*

29. Bad tempered animals are sly as brutes. *(5, 6)*

Down

1. Greek Philosopher's factory or Sexual Guide? *(10, 5)*

2. Hey Halt! But only if you're fit. *(7)*

3. Probe sexual behaviour to discover an excess. *(5)*

4. It's obscene and punishable. *(9)*

5. No vice, I played around and got the bill! *(7)*

6. The Deputy Ambassador – or the price of French romantic associations? *(6, 9)*

7. A ball – but not a testicle! *(6)*

8. The man in the bathroom? Could land you in hot water *(6)*

16. Mate in try for Motherhood? *(9)*

18. Toy amorously and enfold this way. *(6)*

19. Err and lust for a stiff skirt – you cattle thief! *(7)*

21. Do they run through crowds grabbing bosoms? Ha Ha! *(7)*

23. A tuner up. Go nudist and you'll go back to this! *(6)*

25. Eat golden suet pudding, and see what will happen later. *(5)*

Solution on page 76

whipped through him. A thunder was building. He stared at the girl, who stared back, without smiling, with repugnance. He had known her before. He didn't know where or when. But he knew, they both knew, that he knew her. And the thunder was building; the ground shook beneath his feet; the black hole behind her head spit two bright lights. The thunder exploded, a train rushed through the void, metal shrieked and the monster stood still. The doors opened. No-one emerged. The girl entered, escorted by the tramp. Then he followed them both in, and the doors closed.

The dark tunnel swallowed them.

Three people in the white barrel of a carriage boring down through a black earth. A smooth humming vibrating in the otherwise silent descent. Three spectres with eyes blazing malice in the bells somewhere ringing.

He waited; he did not resist.

The girl slouched on a seat at the end of the carriage in an attitude of sensual langour. The blonde hair fell around her, and the coat was unbuttoned to reveal a body exquisite and naked. She leaned well back, hands propped out on either side, long legs in black boots spread apart. Her head was turned towards him, her tongue licked her lips, and she was smiling with mockery and challenge. Her flesh streamed with sweat.

He waited; he could not resist.

The tramp with one eye was on his knees between her thighs, leaning over. He still wore the gaberdine, was filthy and dishevelled, and exuded aromas of decay. He placed his hands on her legs to prise them farther apart, and the blisters shone like glass in the dying light. He noticed that. The light. It was dying as the train bored down deeper. Then the tramp with a chuckle and the most salacious leer, let his face be swallowing up by her pale, demanding, all-consuming thighs.

She gasped. Her body arched. The spasms whipped her.

He was coming.

He could not resist.

Drained and delirious, smashed by confusion, he staggered to his feet, looking round him. Through his one gaping eye, he saw gloom revealing closed walls, the dying light turning to darkness. He was buried inside it, imprisoned, a throbbing sensation. And he groaned in his anguish and ecstasy and buried his face.

The dread was total, complete, all-consuming: it could not be denied.

He looked up. Through the gloom. And saw the tramp in the distance still encircled by her legs reflected back from the mirror of the carriage wall. He looked desperately in the opposite direction. And saw the tramp in the distance still encircled by her legs reflected back from the mirror of the same wall. He looked forward, looked backward, looked down and looked above and saw the tramp in the distance still encircled by her legs reflected back from the mirrors of the world's end. And somewhere the bells announced the New Year. He had heard them before.

This certainty was encouraged when she glanced at him. □

Six Of The Best

continued from page 46

the complete submission to her lover which bondage of this kind entails. The bottom strap puts two of the basic functions of her body beyond her power, while the rubber gag denies her the power of request or complaint. This, however, is rather contradicted by an assertion in the same book that girls may find erotic satisfaction by means of the strap between their legs.

The pleasure, it seems, is all in the mind. Left in such a condition the girl endures what one woman called 'the anguish and suspense' of her husband's or lover's attention. In fact, the sexual conclusions of the game seem strictly orthodox, though made 'deliciously exciting' for one girl at least by the period of waiting and fantasising as to what the man might do to her if he were so minded. It is reassuring to be told, as though the whole thing were a cricket match of the best kind, that it is only a game. 'Never did either of us go beyond play-acting, and we knew it was all the time'. And, of course, the sadistic tyrant and his helpless slavegirl are, in truth, a loving husband and wife. If one were to believe the advocates of bondage, their only selfless aim is to make sex in American marriage more exciting and American marriage more durable as a result.

In America, as in England, there appears to be some fundamental need to justify the preferred erotic voice. In England this is easily done by referring to the beneficial effects of discipline. In America, the bondage story is very often transposed into terms of the Fight Against International Communism, or into the Crusade in Europe during the Second World War. The titles of such features in *Man's Book* or *Man's Epic* speak for themselves. 'The Crypt of Agony for the Screaming Nudes', 'Stripped Virgins in the Hong Kong House of Horrors', 'Trapped in the Reds' Brothel of Lust', 'Revenge of the Nazi Love Slaves', and a host of titles from which all subtlety is firmly excluded. The pattern of one is the pattern of them all. The girl, or girls, are prisoners of 'Reds' or 'Nazis' or even Japanese. They are bound, ravished, and ill-treated. 'Eileen writhed in her straps, the cobweb-thin bra and panties ripped from her by the leering SS officers. As the commandant approached, she clenched her teeth desperately on the leather thong which gagged her. The brutal Nazi caressed her bare thighs, working over her, preparing her as he drew the cigarette to a cherry redness'. The bondage is all important. Weights and ropes are arranged to make the girl's position agonising even before the 'persuasion' begins. But there can be only one end to such stories. Just as the knives, and whips, and branding irons are poised to do their worst, the SS men, or KGB, or Japanese interrogators, whirl round in dismay 'at the sight of the wild-looking man with the curly hair who sighted down the length of the sten-gun at them. The gun roared, its bullets etching their way across the torturer's throat. His dismembered head crashed to the floor with the sound of a rotten melon. The girl cried out in disbelief, and mercifully fainted'. It is rather as though Walter Mitty, in one of his more aggressive moments, had popped up in a novel of de Sade's. Bondage overtakes the heroines of the stories, flogging and torture are threatened, but at the crucial moment it all turns into good, clean, murderous fun.

All the evidence suggests that if none of this literature existed, if it were possible to silence the erotic voices of the Atlantic alliance, it would make little difference to the interest aroused by flagellation or bondage. The English taste, at least, is as deeply ingrained in life as in its erotic fiction. By far the best documented case is probably that of the poet Swinburne, flagellation writer and reader par excellence, who owed a life-long enthusiasm for the whip to his early experiences at Eton.

Indeed the public school system has come in for a lot of comment along these lines – most of it ill-documented and based on the experiences of a minority of pupils. Looking at the system objectively, it cannot be denied that the traditional emphasis on corporal punishment, the rituals involved in its administration, and the beating of boys by boys, may have done something to cause our national preoccupation. But these archaic customs are no longer practised – and it is rare to find flagellation literature drawing upon this for its inspiration. Heterosexual acts of corporal punishment seem to be the order of the nineteen-seventies' day.

But the real deficiencies of such writing are otherwise. It must take a true devotee to be turned on by a more or less statistical table from a 'punishment book'. The unreality of stories like *Teacher's Revenge* is clear enough, but at least the two girls are not mere symbols, like Sandra W or Linda J in the algebra of discipline. The improbability of such books is psychological. Linda is said to participate randily in the Pasha's enjoyment of her bottom, accepting the tannings which accompany it, and asking maliciously to be present when Sandra is whipped. Sandra, on the other hand, is to fall under the domination of a cruel but passionate Arab woman – getting her just deserts, some might say?

The stories are ludicrous, their examples perhaps undesirable, and if the world woke up one day to find that it could do without such fantasies, they might be no great loss. But the 'if' is a very big one. Take, for instance, the following female daydream and its implications for those who would run flagellation fiction and art out of town for all time.

A teenage girl, quoted in J P Mayer's *British Cinemas and their Audiences* was enthralled by a scene in which a girl is 'dragged out to be whipped. She was stripped and lashed to the post . . . The scene stimulated me a great deal, and I would enact over and over again in the privacy of my bedroom any scenes like that, with me playing the heroine'. For the benefit of those who might wish to lend a hand in suppressing the film which gave rise to this flagellation-fixation, its title is *The Bohemian Girl.* Its principal stars are Laurel and Hardy. To silence England's very own erotic voice is clearly going to be no easy task. □

PRIVATE MAIL

continued from page 58

again, which it would do with the king-size dildos they sell here.

You are a delightfully spiritual person and I enjoy writing to you. I hope to bring you the good news about my marriage to Peter before very long: my dream symbols indicate that he will return to me soon. Peter is from Canada, and is a subject of the Queen, so he has very close ties with England.

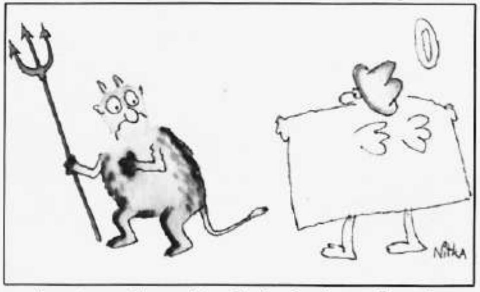
I'd better stop writing now and take my pussy cat out for a walk. He was born two weeks after one of my real good boyfriends died of a heart attack and I truly believe he is the reincarnation of that guy. He was a very famous writer who won the Pulitzer Prize once. The cat acts exactly like him: he liked to have his tits suckled and the cat sucks on his own tits. One morning I woke up and the cat had a hold of my panties with his teeth, trying to pull them off. It was really weird. 'Bye for now, see you soon.
Love, Honeysuckle. (Washington DC).

Dear Honeysuckle,

Thank you for giving me such a wonderful reception in Washington. I really had a fantastically unbelievable time – with photographs to prove it – I enclose some of the pics we took. I think the one of you taking the policeman's name and address with your skirt up round your thighs is a winner. Enclosed please find some presents which I've bought for you, to thank you. Ges and I went shopping for 'obscene clothes' and these are what we ended up with. We got them from Miss Selfridge and Biba. It's very easy to find obscene clothes for a girl with huge boobs and a big butt like yours. I have to look around for weeks to find anything that will cling to my minute curves! Anyway, I hope you like them. The transparent white thing is really a blouse, but I know you will wear it as a dress.

I'm sorry I couldn't come back to Washington on my trip. I thought I'd had such a great time that I'd be pushing my luck if I hung around any longer. You'd have got me arrested somehow or other, and that would mean deportation and never-to-return. I really missed *you in New York. The place isn't the same without you! I got taken out to dinner and whisked back to the hotel in taxis, didn't see any shows or meet any of the performers. Except that famous male pornostar, Marc Stevens, who was being interviewed for the Midnight Blue television show just before me. He was talking about a male striptease act he's doing at a women's club just out of town, and he was going on about how he tells the women not to play with themselves, and gets them all hot and frustrated! My interview was a gas. The cameraman interviewed me himself, and kept asking me about my work. I was very nervous and serious (just having come from a heavy business meeting at the time), and all of a sudden he asked me if I'd like to do a demonstration blow-job for the audience! I wish it had been in colour, then they could have seen my blush! I took a grip on myself, told myself it was a great idea, and agreed. He filmed the whole thing, shooting down on the top of my bobbing head, and doing a few inarticulate descriptions of what it was feeling like. Then he drooled, "I think she's gonna do it . . . yes, she's gonna do it . . . moan, groan, gulp and woosh!" Then up came my beaming face all radiant and triumphant, and I said I should have saved some spunk for the audience to see, but I'd swallowed it all. He said that spunk would be forbidden on TV anyway, which I thought rather amusing. The programme was reviewed in Variety, and I enclose a photostat of the clipping. He showed me some of the other shows they've done, unfortunately not the one with you appearing, but he told me you were great.*

Another reason why I'm pleased that I came back to England when I did is that I had the most fantastic flight back. It was a packed jumbo jet and I sat next to a very pleasant man who works for some huge international political body. We chatted amiably for several minutes, talking about pornography more than world affairs, and he asked if I had read Emmanuelle *or seen the film. The second blush of the trip. I'll have to explain to you since you may not know the Emmanuelle story. Emmanuelle is a young lady who goes out to join her husband in Bangkok. She travels on a jumbo, and gets well and truly fucked on the plane. So as soon as he mentioned the story, I knew what was in his mind. About two minutes later he was in the lavatory and about two and a half minutes later I had joined him. The toilet was much smaller than other jumbo-jet toilets I have known, and the door had a very unreliable lock which kept coming undone. The system is, in such toilets, that a very bright light comes on when the door is open, which made life even more hair-raising! However, between big thrusts which made the door open, closing the door again and it happening all over again, we had some extremely squishy little thrusts, delightfully jammed together. He kept looking in the mirror at us, and telling me to look in it too, but I said that the whole situation was quite mind-blasting enough for me, without seeing a reflection of it, and I wouldn't look!! Naturally, he came quite fast because it was unbelievably exciting, and he made me wait in the cubicle a bit before following him back to the seat. How's that for a story? You really ought to get into fucking more – it even makes transatlantic flights seem like fun!*



You'll be interested to know that I'm trying to persuade a night club to fly you over to do your act here. We went to Cabaret Night at a club called Dingwalls *last Sunday. I chatted to the organisers and told them about your sensational act, blowing the trombone with your pussy and shooting things up in the air with it, and suggested that it was simply a variation on ordinary conjuring. The audience there are pretty hip, and I'm sure would love you. I'm having lunch with the manager soon, and will let you know how our discussions go. I know you don't want to* move *to Europe, but it would only be a short break, expenses paid and all that!*

Hoping the neighbours are leaving you in peace, your pussies are healthy and the police are giving you a break. Write back soon.
Love, Tuppy.

Dear Tuppy,

We have settled in here happily and I've had time to explore the town to see what goes. There's a special spot for the 'before noon' action: it's at the very end of the Avenue Princesse Grace, just past the Sporting Club d'Été. The road ends at a small inlet with a tiny beach and a private boat park. It's a paradise for rich men because there's crumpet everywhere – slipping in and out of garments and showing the whole range of female forms. I forget that I'm fat, big-nosed and hairy, because all that matters is money and whether you've got 'it' – and fortunately I have both.

One of the girls I've met will interest you. She's a married woman, an immigrant like me – East End London stock – and is smallish and slim, but with tits and legs bigger than you'd think. She has a short forehead with a nose that's all nostril and no bone. Lovely thick-lipped, wide mouth, and flat no-lobe ear lobes. A sweet cup of thirst-quenching English tea!

I told her I worked as a psychologist and eventually (like they all do!) she got around to her 'personal problem'. Remember Jan Fantell from Liverpool? Same type: she's a toe sucker. They both love sucking in between the toes and searching out for the little pills of dirt that accumulate. She was attracted to me because of my size thirteen feet and saw the potential! These days I wear my socks all week without changing. Saves on laundry.
All my love, Leon. (Monte Carlo).

My dear Leon,

I'm so glad that you are finding plenty of women down there and you seem to be having the freedom to make the most of them. Honestly – even having your feet sucked clean – you sound as if you're being totally pampered. I do understand that 'dirt' lust because when I first met Ges I can remember fantasising over his filthy body, but in actual fact, apart from his numerous repellent habits, he's turned out to be quite clean. Tell me, do the girls who like sucking dirty toe-cracks also go for scummy cocks? I met a gay in Cannes who'd been cruising up and down the croisette *for days and was complaining that he hadn't found a crusty cock yet. I really would like to be able to picture your new friend sucking your toes. Do you get off on it? Does she sit on top and fuck you whilst bending over your feet? Otherwise, how do the orgasms occur? Is she like a real fetishist and simply sticks your foot in her mouth when she wants to come? Do you think there's a health risk? Anyway, I'm glad you're having a good time – do write soon and tell me more.*
Love, Tuppy. ☐

READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute to these columns should address their letters to: Readers' Writes, Club International, Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1. Readers should state if they wish their names withheld.

Skin Deep

Sir: I have a small problem that I thought I'd put to your readers for their comments. My boyfriend has a large number of tattoos on his arms, and one on his chest, and I can't work out if I like them or not. Sometimes I think they're quite lovely – like embroidery on skin – and sometimes they really turn me off. Do you have any comments?

Gina C, Bath.

Well, it's largely a matter of what turns you on, isn't it? To try and help you decide one way or the other, see right for a pic of a guy with much more tattooing than your boyfriend. Readers, we would welcome your comments; and Gina, don't forget that it's what is under *the skin that really matters.*

Black Power

Sir: I thought that a very interesting letter on 'Male Motives' by Beryl P in Vol 4, No 7. My wife, Amy, enjoys fantasies featuring awesomely tooled coloured guys, and I often talk to her about such things while I'm frigging her. She doesn't care how absurd my talk gets (I've had black pricks up to eighteen inches long; and that's going it a bit even for 'Black Power'!) I'm just as daft when it comes to my fantasies, and Amy indulges me to the limit, verbally summoning up for me girls with 85-18-45 figures and the like. Jesus, but I'd hate to be confronted by such a freak in reality, yet just before I jerk off there's nothing more stimulating. After we've both climaxed, we lie lovingly in one another's arms, dismiss our fantasy folk from the room, and have a good laugh about the things we've been so lustfully discussing the past half hour. Amy would die of fright if actually confronted with an eighteen-inch prick; black or white!

F L D, Wrexham.

So would we!

Oral Expert

Sir: I've come to regard myself as an expert in oral sex. Obviously, not being a contortionist, I cannot sample my own technique (not that this would be much of a thrill anyway: a man is not all that ticklish to his own fingers) but I've been told by many females I've brought to orgasm the oral way that my cunnilingual art beats anything a penis can do, apart from shooting sperm. This stands to reason when you come to think about it, because all a penis can do is thrust; whereas the lips, tongue, teeth and palate can provide the female genitalia with a tremendous range of sensations and nuances, including *sucking,* which is, to my mind, the most crucial of all.

There's nothing I love more than to lie naked between the thighs of a beautiful woman and suck her to orgasm as I masturbate. I can keep it up for hours at a time, which is just as well, for my current Mistress (a magnificently voluptuous dominatrix of forty-two) gets her maid to strap my head in position between her thighs. For the guidance of others who are not as expert as myself, I will describe my technique – or one of them. I lie on my back, stark naked, upon a heap of soft cushions covered over with a latex sheet to prevent any staining. Just beyond my head is a glass-topped table (very useful for other purposes!) also with cushions on it. This is for my partner to rest her elbows on as she straddles my body with her thighs and presses her gaping cunt into my face. As an extra thrill for her, I find out what turns her on (like huge pricks) and arrange a selection of suitable porno mags on the table for her to look at as my mouth works on her genitals.

Prior to lowering herself on to my face, my current Mistress usually stands astride my body and displays her anatomy to me, opening her vulva and spreading wide her buttocks so that I can see and appreciate in every succulent detail all that which I am to be sucking and licking and tasting for the next few hours. I also like to caress my partner's tits as I'm sucking her off, pulling on the nipples to make them stand out nice and hard. During the cunnilingus, I alternate this tit treatment with sessions of masturbating myself so as to keep a really good erection going along with maximum interest and lust. I'm very careful not to come off myself too soon; in fact I always give my partner at least ten orgasms before I shoot my sperm. It's this selfless attitude of mine which makes me the true expert I am, and I have to tell you that the reaction of my partners is ample reward for all the effort I put in to give them sublime pleasure.

Harold M, Chester.

Spanking Thoughts

Sir: I thought spanking was for infants and juveniles, so it was a great surprise when I visited London recently to see a lot of books and magazines devoted to the subject of *adults spanking one another*. Clearly, for such a great volume of literature to be produced on a single topic, spanking of girls by men (and *vice versa*) must be a very popular pastime, and I wish I knew more about it. At the moment, it seems an exceedingly silly and childish way for adults to carry on; but maybe I'm missing something?

J McT, Aberdeen.

Six of the best for trying to put us on, Jock!

Sir: I always believe in giving anything within reason a fair crack of the whip (a very apt phrase in the circumstances) before condemning it, so a few days ago I went to a girl who specialises in the art of 'spanking': just for the experience as I'm not any sort of a perv. I'd read such glowing accounts of the manifold delights of corporal punishment administered by a 'strict disciplinarian' that I thought there must be more to it than immediately meets the eye – or the arse for that matter.

Well, after I'd paid my fiver and tipped the 'maid' in a sleazy house in Kensal Green, 'Mistress Valerie' instructed me to drop my trousers and adopt the appropriate receptive stance. She enquired in a bored voice whether I wanted 'stern measures' or 'mild corrective treatment', and I opted for the latter, just to be on the safe side, not knowing the strength of her arm or the resilience of my backside. It's just as well I did opt for the mild stuff because it hurt like hell and wasn't the least bit of a turn-on; in fact I felt a bloody fool, and was so embarrassed by the sheer lack of dignity of the situation that I upped my bags and cleared off with the 'treatment' only part completed.

"What are you getting so beefed up about? He only comes once a year!"

Naturally, I've turned the affair over in my mind a hundred times since, trying to see where I might have gone wrong – if I actually did. It seems, on the surface, that thousands of men do get a real kick out of this kind of caper; you only have to read the many 'spanking' mags like *Janus* and *Search* to realise this; but it's definitely not for me. Perhaps I didn't approach the experience with the right attitude. Any comments?

A C, Southall.

Six of the best for being daft enough to fork out that fiver.

Bountiful Bottoms

Sir: Some guys are tit-men, others leg-men; I'm a confirmed bum-man, and proud of it. I like most kinds of female bottom for variety is the spice of life, but the type that thrills me most is the steatopygic behind – especially on a white woman. Steatopygia (as though you didn't know) is the scientific term used for over-development of the buttocks, and it's usually encountered only in coloured females (the girls of Cuba, and to a lesser extent, Mexico, are renowned for the condition) and to find it in a Caucasian is a rare treat indeed. For those who don't know the condition, let me make it clear that steatopygia doesn't apply to a female who's just plain fat all over, but to a female who is normally proportioned – even slim – apart from her bottom, which is magnificently full and fleshy.

I have only once in my life been fortunate enough to experience the overwhelming carnal delights of a white arse thus developed. She was a French girl and, apart from her stupendous behind, quite slender; in fact her tits were small and she had a tiny waist, which made the quivering majesty of her arse all the more loin-tingling. I never got a tape to her, but I estimate she'd have measured something in the order of 34-20-42. Of course, being French and very much with-it, she soon became aware of the stimulating effect of her arse upon men, so she set herself up in business when she was eighteen to capitalise upon her natural assets, but you couldn't accuse her of being a common tart. She was more a call-girl, although this was in an era (the 1920's) before the term had been coined. Her name was Yolande.

She would not allow her clients to screw her and wore a sort of chastity-belt to prevent this; but she allowed complete freedom with her bottom except for caning, whipping and all that stuff, which would have ruined its peach-like perfection. You may ask what a man can do with nothing but a girl's bottom, but I hope you have more imagination. Suffice it to say that I was content to marvel at the all-enveloping warmth and softness of those incomparable cheeks as she 'queened' me; sitting full on my face as she leaned forward and tossed me off with her hands. I'm no racialist and can fully appreciate the splendour of coloured tits and bums, but somehow I've never really fancied being 'queened' by a black arse. I don't know why this is; I've tried to analyse my feelings, but without success. I would love to spunk off between black bumcheeks, but not have them pressing down into my face, wide open.

"Oh, I don't know – what are you doing for Christmas?"

David H, Winchester.

Danish Blue

Sir: That was a super letter from Esta H of Copenhagen in your Vol 4, No 7. I like Danish girls; in fact I think they're sexier than any others, and are definitely willing to do more kinky things. I've travelled a lot on the Continent and have visited many brothels, expecially in Germany. There were some fantastic German girls there, of course, but even in German brothels, many of the most beautiful and kinky girls come from Denmark.

I once had a Danish mistress, and what a woman she was. I first met her at Glasgow Central station, and it was her tits that caught my eye and grabbed at my cock and balls. She wore a low-cut dress and showed a terrific cleavage. She spoke very good English and I found no trouble at all in chatting her up. She said she was on her way to London to set up as a call-girl, but I persuaded her to stay with me for a while. In my cocksure ignorance I thought I might be able to teach her a thing or two; but the boot was on the other foot I can assure you. I paid her twenty quid a week to stay with me, plus full bed and board (this was in 1950, when money was still worth something).

She had a superb body: 42-23-38 – and I spent hour after hour just playing with her fabulous tits. She turned out to be extremely kinky and dominant; and she did things to me you wouldn't believe, let alone print. Of course, she soon got tired of me and moved to the smoke where she was quickly pulling in about £200 a week with her 'special services'. We kept in touch for a time, and I once visited her place in Maida Vale, where she had a sound-proofed basement and all manner of far-out gear. She offered to make a TV slave out of me, but I had more sense than to agree. I wouldn't have fancied serving her male clients anyway because I'm no homo.

We lost touch about 1955, by which time she was very rich and running a Bentley; but I often think about her and won-

continued on page 76

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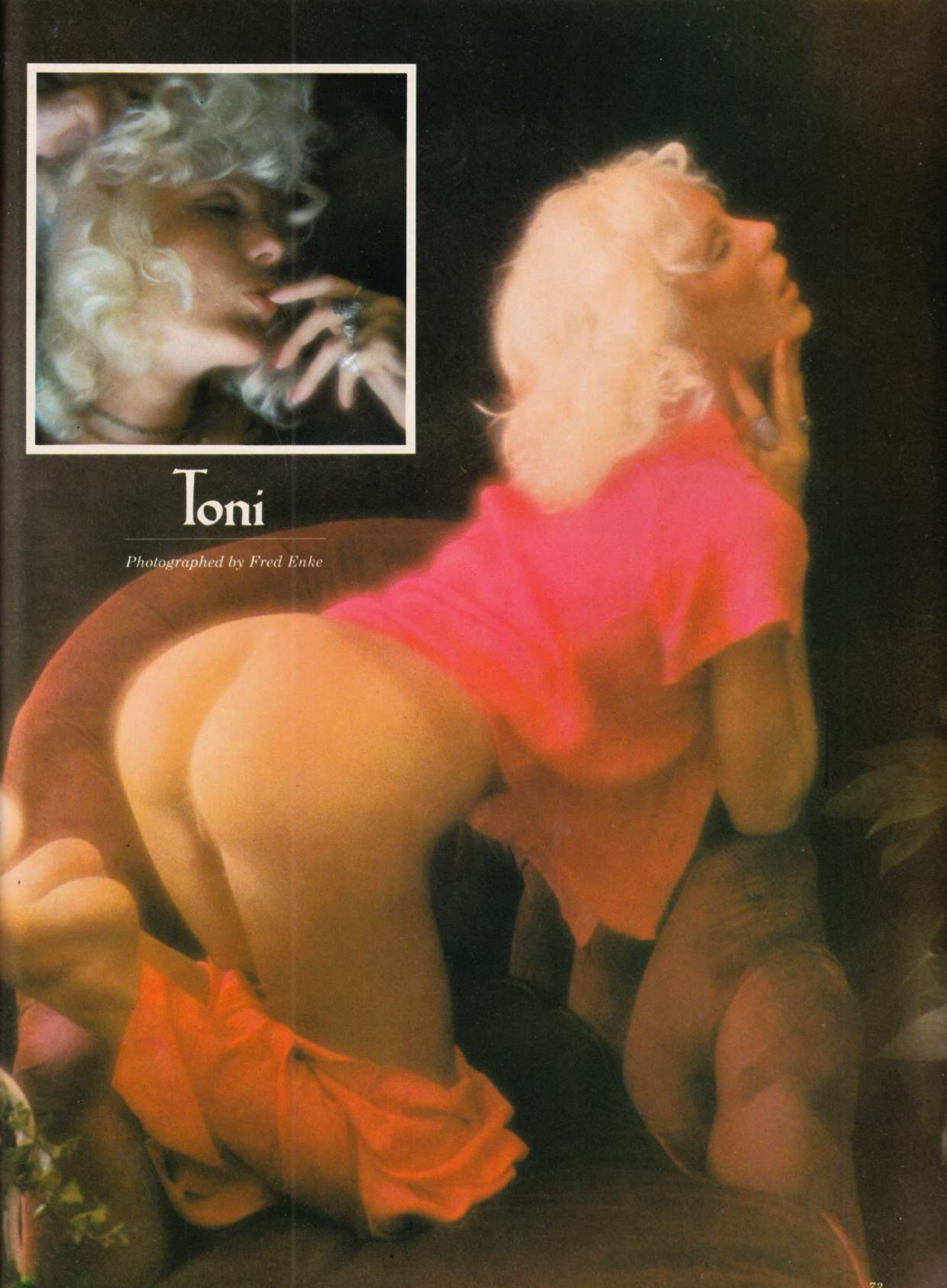
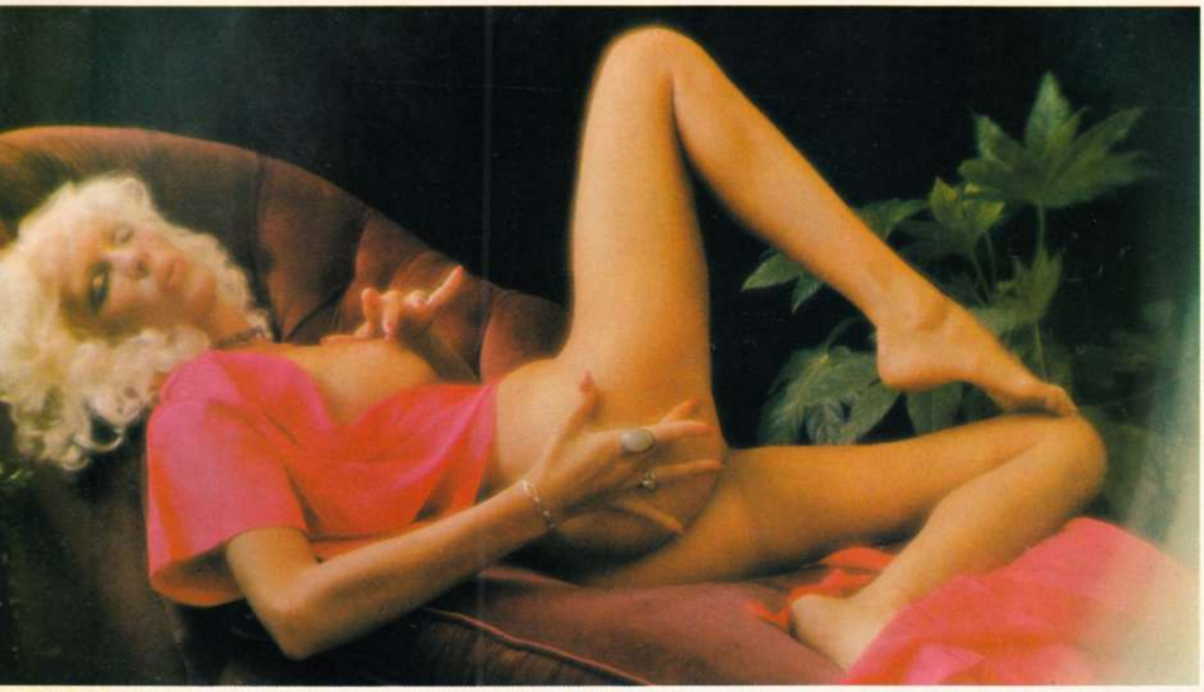


Toni

Photographed by Fred Enke



One look at Toni tells you she's a golden girl, and one can see her spending her entire life qualifying as Miss California. And she's not averse to being a playgirl either, because, surprisingly enough, she's into sex in a big way. Not so much as a spectator sportswoman but as a trainer, technician and statistician, having spent more than a year at an institute of Sex Education and Research.

"I was so naïve," she smiles, "that I was even shocked by the very idea of abortion on demand." However, under the careful tutelage of her instructors, Toni soon was able to cope with all aspects of human sexuality with aplomb.

Sado-masochism no longer frightens her and she is no longer puzzled by homosexuality.

"Fear plays an enormous rôle here, and explains people's prejudices. Why do people talk about homosexuality and lesbianism as if they were two separate phenomena?"

What are her views on exhibitionism, voyeurism and fetishism? "They're just characteristics which are present in most people you'd consider 'normal'."

Toni's number one passion is the women's movement and anything which promotes it. For example, she believes in female circumcision. Now, that's really . . . shocking! *"Don't be ridiculous! I'm not talking about clitorectomy, which is the removal of the clitoris. Female circumcision is the removal of the foreskin which covers the clitoris to make it more sensitive to arousal. Not all women need this operation, but those in difficulty need all the help they can get in these frustrated and frustrating times."*

Toni may not have been circumcised, but it won't take you long to see that she believes in depilation, and not just for the starving masses. "I don't do it for hygienic reasons," she states defensively. "Any man or woman who bathes or showers daily doesn't need to shave the pubic hair. I do it for purely erotic reasons. It's a fun thing with me. When I've only just shaved, I love the sensation of my boyfriend burying his stubble into my shaven groin. As my pubic hair starts to grow out, he loves the feeling of my *stubble grinding into the base of his love shaft."*

Toni's always been a big believer in give and take in relationships, and she has a great deal more to say on the subject of sexuality as we make our departure with a new and sudden awareness of our unmutilated sex. ☐

READERS' WRITES

continued from page 71

der what she's doing now. I have to smile to myself whenever I'm buying cheese and see 'Danish Blue' advertised: Ulla was a 'blue Dane' all right; in fact I doubt if there was ever a 'bluer' female of any nationality!
Tim McG, Glasgow.

Several readers wrote asking us for Esta's address in Copenhagen, and we take this opportunity of repeating that we cannot undertake to put correspondents in touch with one another.

School Punishment

Sir: I've read Mr Jordan's account of his severe punishment at school in your *Readers' Writes* (Vol 4, No 7) and I'm really glad to see you are prepared to deal with the subject of boys being caned on the bottom by lady teachers. I myself went to a school in Reading about forty years ago, and the headmistress there was a very strict disciplinarian who always caned boys on their bottoms. Two of the other mistresses also kept canes on their desks and were very keen to use them on the least excuse.

The classes were mixed boys and girls. The girls used to get the cane on the palms of their hands, but the boys always had to bend over and receive the punishment on their bottoms. It was rumoured that when you were caned in the headmistress's study you had to drop your trousers and take the stick on your bare arse. I was never submitted to this indignity, but I used to fantasise a lot about it. If I'd had more pluck I would have misbehaved badly enough to be sent deliberately to the headmistress, and then I could have found out if all the tales about her were true, and maybe have realised some of my fantasies. She was a very tall and beautiful woman, aged about thirty-five; and there were a terrific number of rumours circulating about her sex life. I dare say a lot were rubbish; but there's no smoke without fire, they say.

I was often caned on my arse through my trousers, and it excited me to be made to suffer in front of the girls, especially when they laughed and mocked me. I was once teased so much by some girls that I hit one of them, and she went and accused me of trying to take her knickers down. Of course, I said I was innocent (and I really was!) but this girl got two of her pals to support her story and there was a big fuss. I expected to be sent to the headmistress, but the class teacher decided to punish me herself in front of all the other children; just to make an example of me and to show what happened to a boy who tried to pull down a girl's knickers.

The teacher let the girl who'd falsely accused me, also her two friends, come right to the front to witness my punishment, which was to be twelve strokes across the arse (the usual maximum was six). The pain was frightful after about the eighth stroke (I was actually bleeding I found later, where the weals intersected) because I only had very thin trousers on; and it became more than I could endure. I screamed and sobbed and tried to run away, but the teacher got the two girls who'd supported the other girl's story to hold my arms, and then she invited the girl whose knickers I was supposed to have pulled down to complete my punishment, which she did – very viciously indeed for a mere girl. I'm sure the teacher would have been sacked had she been reported, but she got away with it because I was too ashamed to tell my parents what had happened.

Of course, my life was almost unendurable after that, because all the girls teased me mercilessly and threatened to report me for all kinds of sexual misdemeanours if I made any attempt to retaliate. As a result of this experience I have become a masochist, and I'm compelled to pay frequent visits to prostitutes to have my bottom caned. My wife would die of shock if she knew about this, because she is a very strait-laced person, and only goes in for normal sex. I don't like having to visit prostitutes, because they are mostly dirty, and couldn't care less whether they give satisfaction or not; all they want is the money.

You see how important it is that teachers be taught about psychology; they don't realise what they are letting their young charges in for when they dish out punishment in mixed classes, or have females caning boys. I've told you what happened to me; I often wonder about that girl who was allowed to cane me and whether she developed into a complete sadist. I'm damned sure all the seeds were there even at that early age; and lots of young girls are sadistic – the way they tease boys and deliberately get them into trouble proves that.
Name and address withheld by request.

'Bring back the cat' advocates, please take note!

Brute Force

Sir: The front cover photo on Vol 4, No 8 really brings out the brute in me. I feel as though I simply *must* rip off those tantalising, semi-transparent briefs to reveal the sumptuous arse-cheeks underneath. I realise it's all a matter of personal taste and kinkiness (brutishness in my case!) but I rate that picture as one of the sexiest you've printed; there's an almost 3D effect about those white briefs. They seem to stand right out from the paper and are begging to be torn off and roughly cast aside.

Actually, I'm quite a timid married man, but I have my dreams like any other guy, and there's a savage brute lurking in me somewhere. Thanks for giving us such a fine magazine every month; I really don't know how you do it. Fred Enke is surely the world's best photographer of lovely girls; and where does he keep finding them?
A J, Shrewsbury.

Auto-Eroticism

Sir: Mark Royston's contribution, *Please Yourself*, in the July issue of *Club International*, reminded me that for the last twelve months I've been enjoying nipple masturbation, and I thought you might like to publish this and let other men enjoy the same. Early in 1974, I read a letter by a chap who told how he tried and succeeded in reaching climax by nipple manipulation alone. I knew females were able to do this, but had never heard of men being so nipple-sensitive. I'm sixty-eight years old, and about the same time as reading that letter my girlfriend (age nineteen!) and I had a tiff and parted. She was only after my money anyway, so it was a good job in some respects. Anyway, I was frustrated and left to my own devices; so I tried this nipple business.

It took me seventeen minutes to reach a climax the first time, but it now takes me about ten. To hell with women is what I say; if they want to be awkward let them go and fuck spiders. I can come when and how I want to, and thoroughly enjoy it. My nipples have become more and more sensitive; they also seem to have grown wider. My record time to come off from a flaccid start is five minutes; this without as much as touching my prick once. Lately I've been finishing off with my right nipple only so that I can come into my left hand. I then swallow the semen; at my age it's too precious to waste!
H O, Wolverhampton.

Question Answered?

Sir: My thanks to Mark Royston for solving something that's been worrying me for ages: how my boyfriend got his prick the size and shape it is. In his fine feature *Once Lurking Within, Now Leaping Forth* (Vol 4, No 8) Mr Royston quotes a letter from a girl who'd been to one of those German male brothels, where she'd seen men with fantastically large and distorted pricks and balls, which had been made like that deliberately by surgical treatments, etc, so as to give the female clients more of a thrill when they were fucked.

The point is this: my boyfriend's cock is all covered in nodules which are definitely not warts. They seem to be caused by little balls of some

continued on page 80

Solution to SexWord

Across

1. Aphrodisiac (*'Oh Crap', I said*).
9. Private (*Part I've*).
10. Deviate (*Date I've*).
11. She (*Fla-she-r's*).
12. Entitle (*I let ten*).
13. Cringes (*Cri-NG-es*).
14. Eat (*H-eat-her*).
15. Yemen (*Enemy*).
17. Eider (*E-ider*).
18. Fleur (*Sti-fle ur-ban*).
20. Trust (*Coun-try st-able*).
22. Fan.
24. No wiser (*In worse*).
25. Extract (*S-ex tract-arian*).
26. Nun (*None*).
27. Lorelei (*Dep-lore Lei-la's*).
28. Shearer (*hers are*).
29. Surly beasts (*Sly as brutes*).

Down

1. Aristotle's Works.
2. Healthy (*Hey Halt*).
3. Obese (*Pr-obe se-xual*).
4. Indecency.
5. Invoice (*No vice, I*).
6. Charge d'Affairs.
7. Sphere.
8. Geyser.
16. Maternity (*Mate in try*).
18. Fondle (*Enfold*).
19. Rustler (*Err lust*).
21. TITTERS.
23. Nature (*A tuner*).
25. Ensue (*Gold-en sue-t*).

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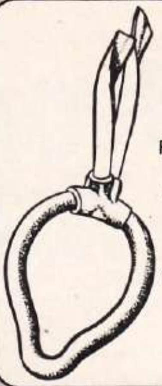

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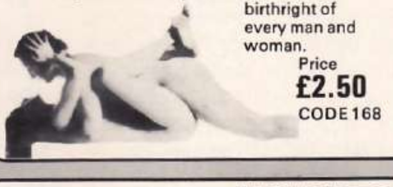

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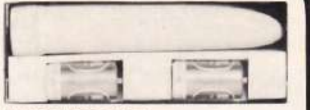

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Anatomy of an Orgy

continued from page 22

he ignored her and unfastened the fifth below her bosom. Then she noticed Barbara holding still to have her quim tickled by Peter, and she paused for a moment.

Well yes, she did resent David's presumption. Well yes, she was sensitive about being turned into a spectacle in a crowded party room. And she wasn't at all sure that she wouldn't be the talk of the neighbourhood if she stormed prudishly out of the party well before the first two hours were up. Alice imagined the gleam of triumph she might see in Barbara's eye as she left and resolved at that moment to stay the course.

Bennett turned from his monologue to Veronica, distracted by the flash of exposed underwear as David threw apart the two sides of Alice's dress. The sight of her demure prettiness in her white slip of fluted nylon robbed him of his eloquence. And as he paused a moment longer to watch Peter screwing a little finger inside Barbara's knicker leg, his wife took advantage of his distraction to step out of her drawers. Claus stuffed the bulky white cloud into his pocket before once more introducing his hand down the back of Mrs Bennett's dress.

Myrtle Harrison took some time to soothe after her humiliating flight from the party room. She spent perhaps five minutes sobbing violently in her husband's arms, another five minutes to cease crying and five more minutes to pull her shattered emotions together. Unfortunately, Alan Harrison was not used to soothing his wife as Myrtle was not given to becoming distraught under normal circumstances. His conciliatory embraces therefore owed much to his usual pre-coital routine and he was somewhat surprised by his wife's steady transition from sobbing wretch to excited woman. Too late did he realise that Myrtle had raised her skirts and was shuffling her thighs and tummy against his crotch. Too late was his reaction to the new situation, for before he had the opportunity to suggest a tactical withdrawal to the bedroom, Myrtle's hands had dived into his pockets and whilst one busy little handful of fingers tickled his balls, the other was massaging his penis into life.

Bennett threw a series of quick, stunned glances round the room, his mouth still working, his onslaught no longer fluent.

". . . and I'll tell you this much, Veronica – the Common Market will . . . God Almighty, have these young women lost . . . er . . . if there is to be a preferential import stockings – I mean tariff – on electrical goods . . . I wonder where the good lady has got to . . . the base lending rate won't change until brassières . . . what am I saying?"

It no longer mattered, for when he turned from watching Peter draw Barbara's panties over her knees, Veronica was over the other side of the room, her hand up her skirt, watching the host and hostess *in flagrante delicto*. For want of something better to do, Bennett joined her in time to catch Alan lifting Myrtle another inch off the end of the kitchen table and on to his fully extended penis. Alan sawed twice with his hips, Myrtle placed her hands over her bosom and pressed, Veronica rubbed her pussy, Bennett stroked as much buttock as dangled from her right knicker leg.

In the back garden, Mrs Bennett sighed, "Isn't it romantic!" as she slipped the brassière from her shoulders and stood quite naked in the dim glow of late evening. Claus gallantly laid his shirt on the lawn and indicated that Mrs Bennett should lie on it. She had the voluptuousness of maturity without the sag of age, her body soft with little folds of fat at the waist and thighs. Yet her breasts were full, heavy, slightly upswept at the generous oval nipples, the fork of her legs carpeted with a lush mat of light brown fleece. Claus lowered himself on to her, supporting himself on his hands as he walked his sexual organs on to her lap. As she felt his weapon dragged up against her love boat, Mrs Bennett threw her arms round Claus's shoulders, drew his head next to hers so that he might smell the perfume splashed on to her neck.

Overcome, Claus squirmed frantically. "Naughty boy! Aren't we the impatient one!" teased his partner as she raised her legs. He reached along his stomach, seized his member, thrust it at the warm, damp slick and allowed his body to fall into place. "God, that's nice," he said. He thrust twice or three times before pausing briefly to ask, "By the way, what's your Christian name?" Mrs Bennett simpered coyly, tightening her vaginal walls on the meaty lance thrust within her. "Prudence," she replied.

Alice stood as David pulled her by the hand from the settee and allowed him to slowly ease her pantie tights down her legs. Bare from the knees up she looked over David's shoulder in triumph at Barbara who still had her hands crossed over her unfastened brassière and whose face was almost purple from the neck up. David opened his trousers, Alice parted her legs noticing through the kitchen door that Myrtle's hips were starting to roll as Alan's thrusts became frenzied; wryly noting that Veronica was now bending, her elbow pumping more quickly, Bennett's grip on her buttock tightening. Then Alice felt David's penis wallop warm against her thigh and, determined to show Barbara what she was made of, transferred her hands to David's shoulders and stood on tip-toe, her spine articulated in readiness.

The nerves worked in her leg muscles as she swallowed him up, bracing the balls of her feet on cue to the intensified palm pressure his hands made on her hips. She threw her head back, proud in pleasure, making her tresses swirl. Barbara regained her composure, uncrossed her arms, let Peter pluck away the lace-trimmed bra. He gathered her up in his arms, placed a crafty hand under her bottom and gently eased her to the floor. Peter spread his hands over the firm white mounds, wiped down to her belly, kissed across her chest, sucked a nipple into his mouth and began to chew.

On the landing outside the bathroom, John Davenport relieved the pent-up frustrations of four and a half sexless years, his penis suddenly responding to the willing call of Carole's hot, perfumed body. His hands ravished over her and teased shrill hysterical cries from the back of her throat. His trusted fingernail technique did not desert him as he delineated the suntanning track around her bosom, slavered his way along her body, thrust his head between her legs. Carole pressed her thighs against the head, walking her buttocks on to the tongue that thrilled between her sex lips.

"We must try that sometime," said Michael from the loo. "Mmmmmm," remarked Margaret non-commitally as, her breath becoming staccato, she lowered herself yet again on to her husband's lap.

In the back garden, an owl rustled in the branches of an old elm, disturbed from a period of sage introspective brooding as Prudence Bennett threshed her flanks and squealed encouragement to Claus. In the lounge, Alice and David grappled for a hold on each other's bodies as their knees gave way, almost falling on to Barbara and Peter who lay naked on the floor beside them, moaning softly and breathing heavily. In the kitchen, Alan sank to his knees as Myrtle flopped back on to the kitchen table clutching her breasts. Veronica too, fell to her knees, head bent, with a soft, "Oooooh!" as a shiver pulsed along her body. The Oooooh? of Mr Bennett had an unmistakeable query to it as he realised that he'd come in his pants.

The toilet flushed in the bathroom as Michael flailed his arms in a bid to thrust further up into his wife. Before him on the landing he saw John Davenport's satisfied smirk as he launched himself proudly into the squirming, giggling Carole yet again. Then, once more, the owl hooted, and as its cry faded there was only a smiling and a panting, whisps of hot happy/tired breathing, the gentle plea for another kiss, the background hum of an unattended stereo.

People sat, formal, guarded. Eyes leisurely passing from face to face, secret eye-glances across tables draped in spotless linen. Truncated small talk, nervous and shy. The Harrisons are having a little get-together for Claus Hertz, Mr and Mrs Bennet, Michael and Margaret Campbell, David and Alice Drew, Peter and Barbara Mellish, Veronica Grey, Carole Forsythe and John Davenport. It was thought necesary by one and all to establish that their behaviour 'that night' had been quite untypical. Didn't know what came over them – enjoyed it though, hee hee! Can't understand it. Must have been the heat/music/fate /the mushroom vol au vents.

Then there are things to celebrate. Claus Hertz's farewell party. The Bennetts' twentieth anniversary. David and Peter's engagement to Alice and Barbara, their mercurial subsequent weddings. Myrtle's pregnancy and Michael's sudden promotion. Veronica's new job with Bennett's company, Carole's housewarming in the unused part of John Davenport's house, now her flat.

But in view of what had happened last time, Alan Harrison had given great thought to the selection of an appropriate venue for the reunion. Don't want the same thing to happen again, do we? Might get out of hand this time. So the guests sipped their chilled gazpatcho with genteel elegance, their thoughts miles and three months away, oblivious to the scuttle of passengers, the nasal announcements, the loitering passengers through the glass window around the railway restaurant. □

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A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £10.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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Obviously this is the little present for your mates, yet you'd be surprised at how girls get off on the Sex Maniac's Diary – bring one out at a party and it's bound to end up in a handbag.

After all, it was written by a girl (a very wild one admittedly): Tuppy Owens. Although she employed men to do the dirty work for her, she collected all the information together, drew the sex positions, created and tested the games herself.

A bigger and better present is The International Sex Maniac's Desk Diary (a fat 8½" x 6½") which has comprehensive descriptions of all the cities, essential for the travelling man, a good compensation for the stay-at-home. It tells you how to make the office party end with a bang or two, tells men(and women) how to make the most of their organs, has sex stars and records, unique sex maps, and Sex Maniac's Thesaurus ... you'll find that will truly improve your word-power! Sex-power too – the book mark will turn you on as you turn the pages (every week a giant photo) through the year.

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READERS' WRITES

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hard stuff under the skin. Naturally, I've asked him about it, but he's always been very secretive and told me what I don't know I won't fret about. When I tell you that my boyfriend is German, and that he's the most fantastic fuck I've ever had, being able to keep going all night, you'll see that I've put two and two together – and I don't think I've made five either!
Alice K, London, NW6.

Business and Pleasure

Sir: I understand my boss has written to you, but he won't tell me what he's said. In case he's not been too accurate in his account (which is more than likely knowing him!) I very much hope you'll consider my side of the story.

I've had a terrific 'crush' on my boss for two years even though he's much older than me (about forty against my nineteen) and I have to confess almost to throwing myself at him on occasion: not with any marked effect, I may add. Many people have told me that I'm a very attractive and sexy girl, although I consider my breasts are not big enough. I measure 34-20-34, and since I left college have had my fair share of boyfriends, so have learnt a lot about sex. However, back to my boss: he's so mature and virile he makes my other 'dates' look like little boys; but as I said, until recently, he's been very backward in coming forward, in spite of my giving him every encouragement. I'm delighted to tell you that your magazine has given me my big breakthrough. He came back from lunch one day to find me perusing his copy of *Club International*; and it was clear that he'd been turned on by one feature, because he went on and on about the undies females used to wear before I was born, and how much more alluring they were than the modern stuff.

I laughed and told him not to be old-fashioned, but I could see I was making no impression. Then, suddenly, I saw the light, as it were, and made up my mind to grab the seeming opportunity. On my way home that evening, I called in at one of our leading fashion stores in Leeds and bought myself a complete outfit all in black: bra, panties, suspender-belt, frilly underslip and nylons. The next evening, I waited until the office staff had left; then found an excuse to go into my boss's private office to show off my new accoutrements.

In next to no time I could see the charm had worked because a huge, firm bulge appeared in his trousers, and all his previous shyness and diffidence vanished. He drew me to him, opened the buttons on my thin blouse, unhooked my bra; then, at the sight of my pert little breasts with their erect, dark pink nipples, he started to whisper lovely 'dirty' things into my ear. With the utmost reverence, he slowly undressed me, all the time saying the most incredibly wonderful and filthy things to me. At last he had me nude, whereupon he started to kiss and lick every part of my body, while I, for my part, unzipped his trousers and took out his cock, which was quite the largest and hairiest I've ever seen. To be honest, I was a bit frightened by it, thinking it might be too large for me to take; but he was ever so gentle with me and licked and sucked my cunt and frigged my nipples for the longest time before he made any attempt to penetrate me with his tool. I could feel myself sort of relaxing and opening up inside, so that when he eventually placed his cock in position I was ready for it. He sheathed it inside me to the hilt, very slowly, inch by inch; and I could feel it go right up into my body higher than anything had ever probed me before. He fucked me with great skill, seeing to it that I had an orgasm before he came off; but as soon as I had climaxed, I felt his enormous cock swell inside me, then the hot spunk jetted deep into my vitals and I had my second orgasm.

If this is what 'old-fashioned' undies can achieve, then they are most definitely for me from now on. Please don't print my full name and address, as this might harm my boss; and I have my career to think about, too.
Priscilla, Leeds.

Sir: It is not my custom to mix pleasure with business; not at the office anyway; but the temptation is difficult to resist when one has a randy young secretary like mine, whose one idea seems to be to get my prick out of my trousers. She's a lovely girl, but young enough to be my daughter. Her tits are small and firm, just the way I like them, and she has the tiniest waist I've

continued on page 82

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READERS' WRITES

continued from page 80

ever seen since corsets went out of fashion. It was her tiny waist, coupled with her beautiful black lingerie – so wonderful to find a modern Miss wearing suspender belt and stockings – that proved my undoing; and once I was on the skids, I went all the way. I stripped and fucked the girl in my office; right on the office table amongst all the firm's papers, would you believe?

In a way, your magazine is responsible for my now regularly mixing business with pleasure, for it was through my finding Priscilla reading a copy, and the conversation on lingerie which followed, that she discovered my addiction to the old-time style of underwear; and she lost no time in putting the knowledge to use. I'm certain there must be hundreds of thousands of middle-aged men such as myself who infinitely prefer suspender-belts, corsets, lace panties, etc, to the modern, soulless tights; whilst the current styles in female footwear fill me with pity and deep distaste. Did you ever see anything so ugly as those great, clod-hopping, platform soles? Oh, bring back the stiletto heels and sexy ankle-straps!

'The Boss', Leeds.

We think your boss is a very nice, honest man, Priscilla. You only got what you asked for; and you should be grateful for the loving and tender way in which you were treated. A lot of men under similar circumstances would have been less considerate. And your boss is equally lucky in his secretary!

The Ultimate Beauty

Sir: I sincerely hope this letter will not be considered too late, as it refers to Vol 4, No 4, and specifically to that astounding splayed-buttocks shot of Dandy revealing the ultimate beauty of the female anus. May I join the ranks of the thousands who, I suspect, have flooded your offices with requests for much more of the same?

M R, Dundee.

M R is correct in supposing we had a large volume of mail asking for more, but unfortunately, very few models are willing to flaunt their 'ultimate beauty' in the uninhibited way Dandy revealed all on page 39 of our April 1975 issue. ☐

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